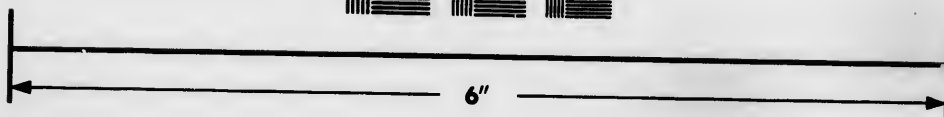
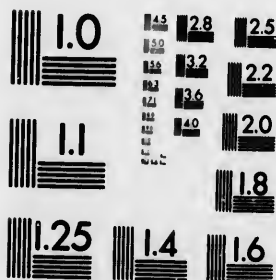


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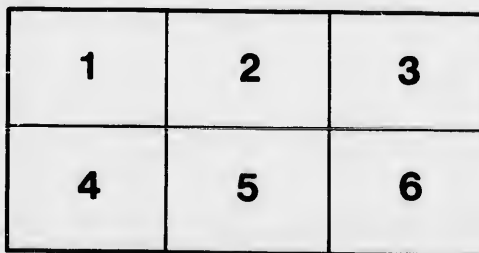
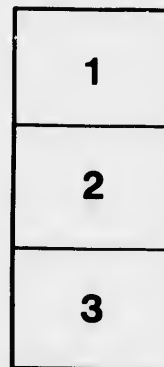
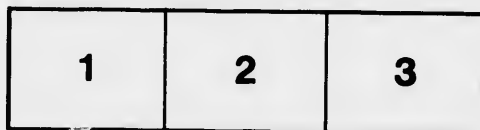
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SELECTIONS
IN
PROSE AND POETRY
FOR
PUBLIC RECITATION IN SCHOOLS,
FROM
CANADIAN AND ENGLISH SOURCES,

BEING PART OF THE WORK ON "THE SCHOOL HOUSE," ETC.

EDITED BY J. GEORGE HODGINS, M. A.

DEPUTY SUPERINTENDENT.



TORONTO:

Printed for the Department of Public Instruction for Upper Canada,

BY LOVELL AND GIBSON

1858.

Price 20 cts. each; or \$1.50 per doz.

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PREFATORY NOTE.

THE following Selections are reprinted from the latter part of "THE SCHOOL HOUSE; its Architecture, External and Internal Arrangements," etc. In this form the Selections will be found more convenient for use by those pupils who may be required to commit any of the pieces to memory for public declamation or recitation in the schools.

The design and object of making these Selections for recitation in the schools are stated in the following extract from the prefatory note to the work on "The School House," to which we have referred :

"*Selections for School Recitations.*—This feature of the work has been added to meet a want much felt in many of the schools. Too frequently the master,—anxious to give variety and interest to the routine duties of the week, and to cultivate a taste for correct speaking and recitation,—has had no choice but to select either inappropriate pieces, which possessed no interest for the pupil, or those which, otherwise beautiful in imagery and eloquent in language, embodied political sentiments and opinions, the very reverse of those which should be imbibed by young Canadians who, otherwise, should be taught to love and venerate that great fatherland, whose annals are so rich in heroic incident and noble achievement. To aid the teacher in his selection for these exercises, we have inserted a threefold series of extracts in prose and verse. In performing this duty we have sought to give a Canadian and national cast to the entire series. We have also had in view the various ages and capacities of the pupils. Short pieces have been added for the younger pupils; and we have even ventured to insert, towards the close, a few pieces of poetry designed exclusively for girls, where the mistress of a school may wish to cultivate the taste of her pupils in this particular.

"The *first series* of the extracts is taken entire from various Canadian speeches and addresses, which have appeared from time to time in the *Journal of Education* and other papers. The selection would have been more varied had the editor been able to procure additional materials. The names of the chief speakers,* from whose addresses extracts are made, and the local interest which naturally attaches to the speeches themselves, independent of their intrinsic merit and the forcible and eloquent language employed, are a sufficient guarantee that this feature of the work will prove highly attractive and popular in the schools. The editor has to apologise for the insertion, at the close of the first series, of

* Lord Elgin, Sir J. B. Robinson, Rev. Dr. McCaul, Rev. Dr. Eyerson, Hon. W. H. Blake, Dr. Dawson and the Rev. Wm. Ormiston, A. M.

two extracts from an address prepared by himself, added simply with the view further to enlist the sympathies of the pupils in the prosperity and success of our national school system.

"The *second series* consists of extracts from recent speeches and addresses by various statesmen in England and other persons.

"The *third series* includes a selection of poetry which has appeared in successive volumes of the *Journal of Education*. A few additional pieces have been added, as well to afford sufficient variety as to embrace in the selection, as far as possible, extracts from the standard poets in our language.

"The editor acknowledges many imperfections in this compilation, owing to the interference of other duties. The work has by degrees grown upon his hands, and has exceeded the original limits assigned to it; but it was thought desirable to omit nothing materially affecting our school economy and discipline, which might prove useful or suggestive either to trustee, teacher, or local superintendent, in the prosecution of the great work in which we are all so deeply engaged, and on the successful accomplishment of which, under the Divine blessing, our prosperity and advancement as a people so largely depend."

January, 1858.

CONTENTS.

Prefatory Note	PAGE iii
----------------------	-------------

Part I.—Extracts from Canadian Speeches and Addresses :

1. The Religious Principles of our Public School System, by the Earl of Elgin	9
2. Valedictory at Spenceer Wood, Quebec, by the same	10
3. The Monumental Principle in Canada, by the Hon. Sir J. B. Robinson, Bart.	10
4. The Progress of British America, by the same	11
5. Cultivation of the Moral and Intellectual Faculties, the true source of National Greatness, by the Hon. W. H. Blake	12
6. The Diffusion of Education in Canada, by the Rev. Dr. McCaul	12
7. Success in its highest Sense—a Proof of True Greatness, by the same	13
8. Canadian Prosperity, a Cause of thankfulness—a Rallying Point, by the same.	14
9. Canadian Patriotism, the Lever of Canadian Greatness, by the Rev. Dr. Ryerson	15
10. The True Elements of Social Advancement in Canada, by the same	16
11. The Great Value of Inventions and Discoveries, by the same	16
12. The Duties of Educated Men in Canada, by J. W. Dawson, Esq., LL.D.	18
13. Young Men of Canada, the Hope of the Country, by the Rev. William Ormiston, M.A.	18
14. Home and the Domestic Affections, by the Rev. Mr. Johnston, Ottawa	19
15. Loyalty to the Queen, by the Hon. William Young of Nova Scotia	20
16. The United Empire Loyalists, from the Toronto Globe	20
17. The Stability of our Educational System, by Mr. J. George Hodgins	22
18. Our Educational Future and Responsibilities, by the same	22

Part II.—English and Miscellaneous Addresses :

1. Science and Social Progress, by His Royal Highness Prince Albert	23
2. The Rise and Fall of Nations, by Lord John Russell	24
3. Developement of the Intellectual Qualities and Moral Feelings, by Lord Palmerston	25
4. Practical Value of a complete and Rational Education, by Lord Stanley	26
5. St. Paul at the Acropolis of Athens, by the Earl of Carlisle	27
6. The Greek and Latin Authors compared, by Sir E. B. Lytton, Bart.	28
7. The Triumphs of Knowledge—Anonymous	29
8. Science and Art, by Dr. Waterbury	30
9. Libraries and Study, by Thomas Davis, Esq.	30
10. The Poetry of the Steam Engine—Anonymous	31
11. The Bible, the Best of Books	
(1) From the Boston Anglo-Saxon	31
(2) By the Rev. George Gilfillan	32
(3) By the Rev. Dr. Spring	33
12. Milton and his Poetry, by the Rev. R. Turnbull	34
13. Union of Religion, Science, and Literature in Eminent Characters, by the Rev. George Gilfillan	34
14. The Memories of Great Men—Anonymous	35
15. The Memory of the Dead—Anonymous	36

	PAGE
16. The Sainted Dead, by the Rev. Mr. Harbaugh.....	37
17. The Sea, the Largest of all Cemeteries—Anonymous.....	37
18. The Fall of the Leaf—Anonymous.....	37
19. Beautiful Autumn, by Washington Irving.....	38

Part III.—Miscellaneous Poetry:

1. The Alma River, by the Very Rev. Dr. Trench	38
2. The East India Massacres, by the same.....	39
3. The Islesman of the West—Dublin University Magazine	40
4. The Spanish Armada, by Lord Macaulay.....	42
5. The Destruction of Sennacherib's Host, by Lord Byron....	43
6. Fallen is thy Throne, O Israel, by Thomas Moore.....	44
7. Jacob's Dream, by the Rev. Dr. Croly	44
8. The Christian Mariner's Hymn, by Caroline Southey.....	45
9. Wolsey's Fallen Gretness, by William Shakspeare	46
10. The Power of Music, by the same.....	46
11. The Happy Man, by William Cowper.....	47
12. The Mitherless Bairn, by William Thom.....	47
13. Old Letters—N. Y. Albion.....	47
14. Home, by James Montgomery.....	48
15. The Irish Maiden's Song, by Bernard Barton.....	48
16. A Psalm of Life, by H. W. Longfellow.....	49
17. The Burial of Sir John Moore, by the Rev. Charles Wolfe.....	49
18. Twenty Years Ago—The School Boy's Reminiscence—Anonymous.....	49
19. The Blind Boy's been at Play Mother, by Eliza Cook.....	50
20. Why do the Flowers Bloom Mother? by J. E. Carpenter.....	51
21. Infantine Inquiries, by William P. Brown.....	51
22. The Dying Boy—Anonymous.....	52
23. A Mound is in the Grave Yard, by Mrs. Judson.	52
24. The Birds of Passage, by Mrs. Hemans.....	53
25. The Better Land, by the same.....	54
26. Never Give Up	54
27. The Times of Prayer.....	55
28. The Crucifixion.....	55
29. Sea Weed.....	55
30. The Two Homes.....	56
31. What is Time?	56
32. God Save the Queen!	56

SELECTIONS

FOR

RECITATION IN SCHOOLS.

PART I.

EXTRACTS FROM CANADIAN SPEECHES AND ADDRESSES.

I. THE RELIGIOUS PRINCIPLES OF OUR PUBLIC SCHOOL SYSTEM.

Extract from Lord Elgin's Speech on the occasion of laying the foundation stone of the Upper Canada Normal School Building, 2nd July, 1851.

Sir, [addressing the Chief Superintendent] I understand from your statements—and I come to the same conclusion from my own investigation and observation—that it is the principle of our Common School educational system, that its foundation is laid deep in the firm rock of our common Christianity. I understand, sir, that while the varying views and opinions of a mixed religious society are scrupulously respected, while every semblance of dictation is carefully avoided, it is desired, it is earnestly recommended, it is confidently expected and hoped, that every child who attends our Common Schools shall learn there that he is a being who has an interest in eternity as well as in time; that he has a Father towards whom he stands in a closer, more affecting and more endearing relationship than to any earthly father, and that Father is in heaven; that he has a hope far transcending every earthly hope—a hope full of immortality—the hope, namely, that that Father's kingdom may come; that he has a duty which, like the sun in our celestial system, stands in the centre of his moral obligations, shedding upon them a hallowing light which they in their turn reflect and absorb,—the duty of striving to prove by his life and conversation the sincerity of his prayer, that that Father's will may be done upon earth as it is done in heaven. I understand, sir, that upon the broad and solid platform which is raised upon that good foundation, we invite the ministers of religion, of all denominations—the *de facto* spiritual guides of the people of the country—to take their stands along with us. That, so far from hampering or impeding them in the exercise of their sacred functions, we ask and we beg them to take the children—the lambs of the flock which are committed to their care—aside, and to lead them to those pastures and streams where they will find, as they believe it, the food of life and waters of consolation. Permit me in conclusion to say, both as an humble Christian man, and as the head of the Civil Government of the Province, that it gives me unfeigned pleasure to perceive that the youth of this country, of all denominations, who are destined in their maturer years to meet in the discharge of the duties of civil life upon terms of perfect civil and religious equality—I say it gives me pleasure to hear and to know that they are receiving an education which is fitted so well to qualify them for the discharge of those important duties, and that while their hearts are yet tender, and their affections green and young, they are associated under conditions which are likely to promote among them the growth of those truly Christian graces—mutual respect, forbearance and charity.

B

II. LORD ELGIN'S VALEDICTORY AT SPENCER WOOD, QUEBEC.

For the last time I am surrounded by a circle of friends with whom I have spent some of the pleasantest hours of my life. For the last time I welcome you as my guests to this charming residence, which I have been in the habit of calling my home. I did not, I will frankly confess it, know what it would cost me to break this habit until the period of my departure approached, and I began to feel that the great interests which have so long engrossed my attention and thoughts were passing out of my hands. I had a hint of what my feelings really were upon this point—a pretty broad hint too—one lovely morning in June last, when I returned to Quebec after my temporary absence in England, and landed at the cove below Spencer Wood, and when with the greeting of the old people in the cove, who put their heads out of the windows, as I passed along, and cried "welcome home again" still ringing in my ears, I mounted the hill and drove through the Avenue to the house door. I saw the drooping trees on the lawn, with every one of which I was so familiar, clothed in the green of spring, and the river beyond, calm and transparent as a mirror, and the ships fixed and motionless as statues on its surface, and the whole landscape bathed in a flood of that bright Canadian sunshine which so seldom pierces our murky atmosphere on the other side of the Atlantic. I began to think that those persons were to be envied who were not forced by the necessities of their positions, to quit those engrossing retreats and lovely scenes, for the purpose of proceeding to distant lands, but who are able to remain among them until they pass to that quiet corner of the garden of Mount Hermon, which juts into the river and commands a view of the city, the shipping, Point Levi, the Island, Orleans, and the range of Laurentine hills, so that through the dim watches of that tranquil night which precedes the dawning of the eternal day, the majestic citadel of Quebec, with its noble train of satellite hills may seem to rest for ever on the sight, and the low murmur of the waters of the St. Lawrence, with the hum of the busy life on their surface to fall ceaselessly on the ear. I cannot bring myself to believe that the future has in store for me any interests which will fill the place of those I am now abandoning. But although I must henceforward be to you as a stranger; although my official connection with you and your interests will have become in a few days a matter of history, yet I trust that through some one channel or another the tidings of your prosperity and progress may occasionally reach me, that I may hear from time to time, of the steady growth and development of those principles of liberty and order, of manly independence in combination with respect for authority and law, of national life in harmony with attachment to British connection which it has been my earnest endeavor, to the extent of my humble means of influence, to implant and to establish among you.

III. THE MONARCHICAL PRINCIPLE IN CANADA.

Extract from the speech of the Honorable Sir John Beverley Robinson, Bart., Chief Justice of Upper Canada, at the inauguration of the Normal School—December, 1852.

It is common for us to hear of that great experiment in government in which the vast republic near us is engaged. But in Canada, and other provinces of British North America, we have an experiment of our own going on, in a smaller way to be sure, but still on a scale that is rapidly expanding—and an experiment of no light interest to our glorious mother country, or to mankind. We occupy a peculiar and somewhat critical position on this continent, and more than we can foresee may probably depend upon the manner in which our descendants may be able to sustain themselves in it. It will be their part, and it is now ours, to demonstrate that all such freedom of action as is consistent with rational liberty, with public peace, and with individual security, can be enjoyed under a constitutional monarchy as fully as under the purest democracy on earth—to prove that, in proportion as intelligence increases, what is meant by liberty

is better understood, and what is soundest and most stable in government is better appreciated and more firmly supported. The glorious career of England among the nations of the world demands of us this tribute to the tried excellence of her admirable constitution; it should be our pride to shew that far removed as we are from the splendours of Royalty and the influences of a Court, monarchy is not blindly preferred among us from a senseless attachment to antiquated prejudices, nor reluctantly tolerated from a sense of duty or a dread of change; but that on the contrary, it is cherished in the affections, and supported by the free and firm will of an intelligent people, whose love of order has been strengthened as their knowledge has increased—a people who regard with loyal pleasure the obligations of duty which bind them to the Crown, and who value their kingly form of government not only because they believe it to be the most favourable to stability and peace, but especially for the security it affords to life and property, the steady support which it gives to the laws, and the certainty with which it ensures the actual enjoyment of all that deserves to be dignified with the name of freedom.

IV. PROGRESS OF BRITISH AMERICA.

(Extract from the conclusion of the foregoing Speech.)

I close these observations by adverting to the very remarkable period in the history of this Province at which the Normal School at Upper Canada has taken possession of its magnificent home. We are advancing with a rapidity that surprises ourselves, scarcely less than the people of other countries who have been suddenly awakened to the truth of our astonishing, but inevitable progress. It was but a few weeks ago that I read in one of the leading English periodicals, an article written expressly for the purpose of impressing upon the British public a due sense of the importance of the North American Provinces, and of the great interests which with surprising rapidity are springing up within them, and claiming the attention of the mother country. In order to give force to his statements, the writer of this article speaks of it as a matter of surprise, that the British North American Provinces contain among them a population of not less than 1,700,000 souls; not imagining, that Canada alone contained nearly 150,000 more people than he gave credit for to all these Provinces.—In all of these extensive Colonies of the British Crown, distinguished as they are by a loyal and generous appreciation of their position as a portion of the British Empire, the same spirit of enterprise is at this moment in active employment with the aid of singular advantages, in developing their great national resources. Every thing that we can see and feel at the present time, or can discern in the future, is full of encouragement to the farmer, the mechanic, and the labourer,—and as for the liberal professions, it is impossible that they can languish among a prosperous people. The multiplying calls for intelligence in the varieties of employment which are daily increasing—the wonderful cheapness and facility which improvements in the art of printing have given in the production of books and newspapers, and the quickened circulation of intelligence which we derive from liberal postal arrangements and the magic wonders of the telegraph, must make the necessity of being able to read and write so great, and the desire so nearly universal, that the few who may remain without such instruction will be made to feel the marked inferiority of their position. And soon it will be literally true that in Upper Canada there will be no excuse for any person endowed with ordinary capacity, being found in a condition so degrading to a freeman, and so unsuitable to an accountable being. With everything to urge and to tempt them to the acquisition of knowledge, and everything to aid them in obtaining it, it will be impossible that the people of Canada can do otherwise than feel that in their case emphatically "*poverty and shame shall be to him that refuseth instruction.*"

V. CULTIVATION OF THE MORAL AND INTELLECTUAL FACULTIES, THE TRUE SOURCE OF NATIONAL GREATNESS.

(Extract from the Speech of the Hon. W. H. Blake, Chancellor of the University of Toronto, at the convocation--December, 1854.)

We have a fertile soil and a salubrious climate, and we live by the favour of Providence under free institutions, which secure to us that most inestimable of all privileges, civil and religious liberty; and we enjoy all under the fostering care of that mighty empire, of which it must ever remain our greatest glory that we form a part. But what will any or all of these advantages avail us if our moral and intellectual faculties are suffered to lie dormant. True national greatness is not the necessary growth either of fertility of soil or salubrity of climate. Look around the globe and you will find everywhere fertile regions once the abode of civilization and art, now sunk to the lowest point of poverty and degradation, while the barren island and pestilent marsh have become the seats of empire and wealth. Look at Holland or at Scotland—consider what these countries have been, and what they now are; and then look at the past history and present condition of Spain, or of Italy, and you will find the contrast a melancholy proof of the truth of the statement. Melancholy in truth it is, but full of instruction and full of hope, for it demonstrates with unmistakable clearness that it is to the cultivation of his moral and intellectual faculties that man owes all his god-like pre-eminence. And when these faculties are suffered to lie dormant; when the human mind becomes stunted, the nations, like individuals, sink by the inevitable law of our nature to the level of the beasts that perish. If it be an object then to lay the foundation of true national greatness—if we desire to achieve for ourselves a position among the nations of the earth, like that of the glorious empire to which we belong—if we hope to stand out even as she now stands out, pre-eminent, not only in power, but in the grandeur of her intellectual being, we must imitate the example and walk in the footsteps of our forefathers. We must elevate the national mind by the careful cultivation of our moral and intellectual faculties. We must cherish the art by which habits are reformed and manners embellished. We must implant the love of truth, of beauty and renown in the hearts of our people. And having accomplished this, we can indulge the confident hope that we may one day point to our long line of heroes and statesmen, of philosophers and poets, only less glorious than that which adorns the annals of our native land.

VI. THE DIFFUSION OF EDUCATION IN CANADA.

(Extract from the Speech of the Rev. Dr. M'Caul, President of University College, Toronto, at the opening of the Normal School, December, 1852.)

I have said that the diffusion of the blessings of education throughout the land is the ultimate end of the work which is to be pursued within these walls,—a work second in importance to none in the province, for it is destined to perpetuate its benign influences throughout successive generations. Yes, the stamp which education impresses, however faint at first, or difficult of recognition, remains permanent and enduring, and continues indelible from age to age,—so that whatever be the national characteristics of the population of Canada, the influence of that system of instruction now established will be perceptible in its distinctive features. What mind can justly estimate—what tongue can adequately express—the benefits which must flow from such a diffusion? What influence will it have in strengthening the intellect, elevating the taste, and curbing the passions? And oh! how many are there who if they had but had the avenues of enjoyment thrown open to them which education presents, would never have fallen into the grovelling habits which have ruined both themselves and their families. But in another

respect too, the diffusion of education must exercise a most important influence throughout the country. We live in times when the tendency is to a diffusion throughout the masses of a greater amount of political privilege than has hitherto been conceded to them. The times exist when the majority of the people must exercise political privileges, and if so, of what immense importance is it that the masses should be educated—that they should know their rights and understand their obligations—that they should possess that power, which education gives, of protecting themselves against religious or political impostors—that they should discharge those duties, which our free constitution assigns to them, with that independence and discrimination which knowledge bestows and fosters. Of what consequence is it that our people should understand and be prepared to show, that they maintain their allegiance to the British Crown and their adherence to the limited monarchy under which they live, not through any antiquated prejudices, nor yet through any traditional veneration, but because they prefer that which they have, entertaining the well grounded conviction that under a government such as that of England, they and their children can enjoy all real liberty, and under it have happiness here, and the means and opportunity of preparing themselves for happiness hereafter.

VII. SUCCESS IN ITS HIGHEST SENSE—A PROOF OF TRUE GREATNESS.

(Extract from the speech of the Revd. Dr. M'Caul, Vice-Chancellor of the University of Toronto, at the Convocation, December, 1851.)

When I speak of success [in presenting these certificates of honor] I do not merely mean the success in competition—the success of one candidate over another, although I believe that beneficial results arise from this honorable competition; and am persuaded the Almighty has implanted in our nature a desire for distinction with wise and good objects, in order that it may be the means of producing benefit both to man himself and to his fellow-beings. But it is in a far higher sense that I speak of success. I speak of that success which I doubt not some of you have had—of that triumph which you have achieved over the temptations of indolence and the blandishments of vice; of that success over straitened circumstances which may have impeded some of you in your course; of that success which has attended some of you in the hard struggle to overcome those difficulties which poverty may have thrown in your way. Such success I deem to be the development of that spirit of resolute determination, of that patient self-denial and steady perseverance, which produced the *muscula proles* of the olden time, and which has supplied the parent state with so many illustrious men, whose names add lustre to the bright pages of British glory. Such a spirit realizes the conception of the Satirist, for it would prefer the labors of a Hercules to the sumptuous banquets and voluptuous ease of a Sardanapalus. This success is not generally regarded with that high honour which I wish to attach to it, and yet sure am I that such triumphs over difficulties and impediments are the genuine proofs of true greatness of character. They are as far superior to physical triumphs as the spiritual nature of man is superior to his corporeal. They have not, it must be owned, the concomitants which excite the attention and the admiration of the crowd—they have not the pomp and circumstance of glorious war—they are unaccompanied by the pealing trumpet, the booming gun or the flashing banner, and yet I hesitate not to say that such triumphs over moral difficulties and impediments—such successes over the enemies of our spiritual welfare—the foes to our mental improvement, are equal, if not superior to anything that has ever been eulogized in the noblest strains of poetry, or celebrated in the most glowing language of historic prose.

VIII. CANADIAN PROSPERITY, A CAUSE OF THANKFULNESS—A RALLYING POINT.

(Extract from the speech of the Rev. Dr. M'Caul at the anniversary dinner of the St. George's Society, Toronto, 1853.)

"When I consider the advance of the country in education and in other important elements of greatness and of prosperity, I must say that I feel but little sympathy with those who indulge in mournful recollections of what they have left, or querulous complaints of their present position, instead of acknowledging the advantages which they enjoy, or looking forward to the bright future which is before them. Let us consider for a moment what are the leading characteristics of this fair land of our adoption. A fertile soil, amply rewarding labor in the abundance and diversity of its produce; a salubrious climate, calculated to rear a hardy and vigorous race; water communication by noble rivers and vast lakes (or rather Mediterranean Seas), unequalled in the world; and millions of acres of unoccupied land, able to support millions of additional immigrants. Let us add to these natural blessings, the results of the energy and enterprise of an active and intelligent population; our cities with all the convenience and comforts of European towns of twice their population, and twenty times their age; our villages springing up where lately there were but dense forests or uncultivated wastes; the remotest points of this extensive country soon to be connected by railroads, now either drawing to completion, or in progress, or guaranteed; the facilities afforded for the education of our children by our common schools, our grammar schools, our private seminaries, our colleges, and our universities; the progress of knowledge, advanced by the scientific and literary societies and institutes established in our cities and towns; the solemn duties of religion inculcated by fixed ministrations or by the occasional visits of the missionary; the voice of prayer and praise rising each Sabbath alike from the stately piles in our towns, which rear their spires towards heaven, and the lowly shanty, which scarce lifts its humble head under the leafy arches of our backwoods; and all this with the full enjoyment of the blessings of civil and religious liberty, conferred by our own free constitution, and secured by our connection with that glorious empire of which we form a part. In my opinion, the language of dissatisfaction or complaint but little becomes those who enjoy such advantages. Thanksgiving is rather our duty—thanksgiving to Him from whom all blessings flow, for what in His abundant mercy He has given to us, and prayer to the same Almighty Being for contentment with what we have—for peace, wherein we may use and enjoy what His bountiful hand has provided for us. By peace, I mean not freedom from war—not tranquillity undisturbed by aggression from without—of that I have no fears; but I do mean freedom from internal strife, from civil commotion, from the injurious influences of bickerings and contentions with each other. I do mean that peace which is produced by mutual forbearance—by laying aside national feuds and party differences, and by the union of all,—casting aside their distinctions, whilst they still hold fast to their principles—for the advancement of the welfare of their common country, the land of the Maple Leaf! Nor do I know any more appropriate words in which this supplication can be offered, than those, which must be familiar to many whom I address, and in which I doubt not all will cordially join—that "we may live in the fear of God, in dutiful allegiance to the Queen, and in brotherly love and Christian charity each towards the other."

IX. CANADIAN PATRIOTISM THE LEVER OF CANADIAN GREATNESS.

(From an Editorial by the Rev. Dr. Ryerson, in the *Journal of Education* for March, 1850.)

It cannot be too strongly impressed upon every mind, that it is on Canadian energy, Canadian ambition, Canadian self-reliance, skill and enterprise,—in a word, on Canadian patriotism—that depend Canadian prosperity, elevation and happiness. The fact that some men, by honest and intelligent industry, as tradesmen, mechanics, farmers, merchants, and professional men, have risen from poverty to comfort, and even affluence, shows what others might have done by equal honesty, intelligence and industry. In agricultural productiveness, Canada is superior to New York; in water-power and hydraulic privileges it is equal to any of the New England States; in lumber it is a contributor to both the American and English markets; its mineral resources are ample to supply its own implements of industry, as its cattle and flocks are equal to its wants for labour, food and clothing. Its sky is as clear as that of Italy, and its climate as healthy as that of Germany; its institutions are even freer than those of England, and its administration of justice confessedly more independent and impartial than that of the United States. The social and material advancement of Canada in former years was confessedly slow; but compare its progress for the last ten years in any and every respect with that of any of the neighbouring States from Maine to Michigan, apart from the advantages which some of them possess as being the sea-ports and thoroughfares for other States, and the results will be honourable to Canada. Compare everything progressive in those States which is not adventitious but which depends upon home industry and enterprise, and Canada, with all its faults and short-comings, has much more reason to be proud than to be ashamed. It is true Canadian Hypocrites have done much to disturb and retard its interests; but this spirit of conspiring against one's country instead of consulting and maintaining its honour and interests, like an Aristides and a Conon, even in exile, is as alien to the general feeling as it is hostile to the best interests of Canada. But in as far as this spirit exists—this spirit of crying to Hercules instead of helping oneself—Canadian enterprise will be damped, the value of Canadian securities and property will be depreciated, and Canadian progress impeded. In the days of Grecian self-reliance, unity and patriotism, that little peninsula of half the territorial extent of Canada, repelled the most numerous armies recorded in history, and defied a power whose domains extended from the Indus to the Ægean, and from the Euxine to the cataracts of the Nile. Let each Canadian love his country and seek its glory as did the ancient Greeks, during the era when private patriotism and public virtue was inscribed upon their national escutcheon. We have no strife of foreign war—no hostile rivalry of nations;—our warfare is a domestic, bloodless one—a warfare of virtue against vice, of knowledge against ignorance, of self-dependence against foreign dependence, of public spirit against personal littleness, of the love of Canada as ourselves, instead of the love of self against Canada; of the dignified and generous industry of a Cincinnatus, instead of the selfish and protean adventures of an Alcibiades. Surely if

"The shuddering tenant of the Frigid Zone
Proudly proclaims the happiest spot his own;
The naked negro, panting on the line,
Boasts of his golden sands and palmy wine;"

all true Canadians can say to the genial land of their birth or adoption,

"Our bosoms with rapture beat high at thy name,
Thy health is our transport—our triumph thy fame,"

X. THE TRUE ELEMENTS OF SOCIAL ADVANCEMENT IN CANADA.

(Extract from an Address on the Social Advancement of Canada, by the Rev. Dr. Ryerson—October, 1849.)

It is my earnest prayer, that the "internal guard" of a truly *Christian* education may be planted in the heart-citadel of every youth of our land. It is the union of moral and intellectual qualities which adorn and elevate the individual man; and it is their united development which constitutes the life and strength, the happiness and progress of society. If then we wish to see our country accomplish its high destiny—our unbroken forests converted into waving wheat fields—single manufactories growing into prosperous towns, and towns swelling into cities—canals and railroads intersecting the various districts, and commerce covering the rivers and lakes; if we wish to see our institutions settled and perfected, and our Government fulfilling its noblest functions—our schools and colleges radiating centres of intellectual light and moral warmth to the youthful population—the poor as well as the rich properly educated, and a rich and varied home literature created—the experience of past ages giving lessons in all our domestic dwellings, by means of books and libraries;—in a word, if we wish to see the people of Canada united, intelligent, prosperous and happy—great in all that constitutes the real grandeur of a people—let us feel that the eventful issues of that anticipated futurity are in our hands, and that it is for each individual of our grown-up generation to say how far these hopes of patriotism and philanthropy shall be realized or disappointed. Above all, let us never forget that there is a moral as well as physical universe, and as it is in the harmony of the two that the perfections of the divine character and government are fully displayed, so it is in the harmonious development of the *moral* with the intellectual man that the perfection of his nature consists. What God has joined together we must never put asunder in any of our plans and efforts for the social advancement of Canada. Our motto should be the words of the inspired Isaiah—"Wisdom and knowledge shall be the stability of thy times—the possession of continued salvation; the fear of Jehovah, this shall be thy treasure."—[Bishop Louth's Translation.]

XI. THE GREAT VALUE OF INVENTIONS AND DISCOVERIES.

(Extract from an Address, by the Rev. Dr. Ryerson, on Canadian Mechanics and Manufactures—January, 1849.)

Very few of those who have distinguished themselves as the authors of discoveries, inventions and improvements in mechanical science, have enjoyed greater advantages of leisure and resources, than can be commanded by the majority of mechanics in Upper Canada; and yet what unspeakable benefits have those humble men conferred upon the human race! To select only a few illustrations. Who can conceive the political and social revolutions which have already resulted from the European discoverer of the magnetic needle,—that sleepless, unerring, faithful little pilot, unblinded by the starless midnight and unmoved by the raging tempest,—which at once relieved the mariner from his timid creeping from headland to headland, and among its first feats opened the commerce of India, and guided Columbus to the discovery of a new world—the most important event in the history of modern nations and modern civilization. What mind can imagine the results to mankind, in every department of science and knowledge, in every aspect of civilization, and in every interest of civil freedom and social advancement, which emanated from the humble inventor of the Art of Printing,—an art which seems to be but in the mid career of its improvements, and whose magic power appears destined at no remote period to penetrate yet unexplored regions of humanity, and to transform

the institutions and society of every uncivilized nation of the globe. The cotton manufacture of Great Britain may almost be said to date its commencement, as a branch of national industry and commerce, with Arkwright's invention in spinning machinery, soon followed, as it was, by Cartwright's invention of the power loom. Before Arkwright's invention, the whole annual amount of the cotton manufacture of Great Britain did not exceed £200,000: now it amounts to forty millions of pounds per annum! Then the raw cotton manufactured amounted to about four millions of pounds per annum; it now exceeds two hundred millions! Aided by this machinery, one person can now perform the work of two hundred and sixty-six persons before its invention. And if Arkwright's spinning machinery invention has added to the manufacturing industry of Great Britain what is equal to the labour of forty millions of human beings—twice the entire population—Watt's inventions and improvements in the steam engine, in its application to the manufactures alone, adds the power of more than one million of men, and, in connection with other machinery, performs an amount of labour, according to Dr. Buckland's estimate, "equivalent to that of three or four hundred millions of men by direct labour," besides its achievements on the continent of Europe and in the United States, in almost every branch of mechanical and manufacturing industry—and besides its navigation of the rivers and oceans and seas of the whole globe—thus changing the social condition of man. Take another illustration in the *bleaching* of linens and cottons. Formerly this was a process of six or eight months duration; and so little was it understood in Great Britain, that nearly all the British manufactured linens and cottons were sent to Holland, and bleached upon the fields around Haarlem. But by the application of chlorine, the property of which to destroy vegetable colours was discovered by a Swedish philosopher in 1774, the process of several months is reduced to that of a few hours.

And what advantages have accrued to mankind from Franklin's brilliant discovery of the identity of the lightning of the clouds, and the electricity produced by a piece of silk-rubbed sealing-wax—in consequence of which the thunder cloud is rendered harmless; and this very electricity is now employed as the medium of thought, with the rapidity of thought, between distant cities and countries. As late as 1789, a hope was expressed by the Southern members of the American Congress, that cotton might be grown in the Southern States, provided good seed could be procured. Shortly after, a Connecticut mechanic by the name of Whitney invented the Cotton-gin, for separating the seed from the fibre—an invention which has trebled the value of all cotton-growing lands in the Southern States, while it has given birth to a most important branch of American commerce and manufacture. How many thousands of lives have been saved by the safety-lamp of Sir Humphrey Davy; and how much are our comforts increased and our interests advanced by the discovery of carburetted hydrogen gas, by which common coal is made the brilliant illuminator of our streets, our shops, and dwellings.

And while there is an unmeasured field of improvement and prosperity spread out before us in the landscape of the future, we are not to suppose that there remains nothing for us to achieve in the field of discovery and invention. The steam-engine itself may be but in the infancy of its perfection; the locomotion of the present may be but a snail's speed to the locomotion of the future; and the most admired inventions and machinery of the present age may be thrown aside as useless in comparison of the inventions and machinery of a coming age. Unknown principles, and elements, and powers, now mysteriously operating around us, may be to our descendants what the mechanical agencies of air and steam are to us; and the past progress in the arts and sciences may be only the introduction to future advancement. May Canada share largely in the honors and benefits of that advancement; and may the generations of

future ages rank many of her mechanic sons with the Watts and Arkwrights, the Franklins and Fultons of past ages!

XII. DUTIES OF EDUCATED MEN IN CANADA.

(From an Address at a Convocation of McGill College, July, 1856, by the Principal, J. W. Dawson, Esq., LL.D.)

Every educated man should endeavor to add something to the extent of human knowledge or wisdom by original investigation. Many men, amidst the pressure of professional pursuits and of narrow circumstances, have toiled to accumulate those treasures by which your own minds have been enriched. The wide fields of literature and of abstract and applied science lie before you; select some favorable spot, cultivate in your leisure moments, and you may hope to repay to those who follow you some portion of that debt which you owe to those who have gone before.

Further, every educated man should be an educationist. Regard all other Universities as kindred institutions, laboring in the same great cause. Nor should you neglect the interests of the humbler sources of learning. Good common and grammar schools nourish our colleges, and colleges foster the schools; and both united furnish the best means for the real elevation of any people. Let it be your endeavor to maintain large and enlightened views on this subject in opposition to the narrow prejudices which tend to excite division where there should be the most complete unity of effort.

Every educated man should also be a man of public spirit, taking a warm interest in all that tends to promote the material, social, or political welfare of his country; and it is especially your duty to all in your power to develop, in this country, those British political institutions, which, in their happy combination of security with progress, so far excel those of all other ages and nations, and which it seems the special province of Canada to work out in their application to new circumstances and conditions.

Lastly, allow me earnestly to urge a supreme regard to our holy christian faith. It is one of the most lamentable of all spectacles to behold a young man of liberal education and of respectable abilities, with high hopes and prospects, burying all in the mire of intemperance and sensuality; and it is almost as sad to see such a man looking with cold unconcern on his highest spiritual interests, or joining the scoffer in his ridicule of the sacred things which he does not comprehend. I trust that you, on the other hand, will endeavour to attain to that highest style of man, the Christian gentleman, earnest and zealous in every good work, forbearing under provocation, humble in every position in which he may be placed, cherishing in his heart the love of his God and his Saviour. May God grant that this may be realised in you, and that useful, honoured, and happy lives may conduct you to a glorious immortality.

XIII. YOUNG MEN OF CANADA, THE HOPE OF THE COUNTRY.

(From an Address at Hamilton, July, 1856, by the Rev. William Ormiston, M.A.)

What a large wide happy home is the land we live in! We have found it a goodly land, and have no sympathy with those who love it not! There is no piety, no genuine Christianity, in the heart of him who does not love his country, native or adopted! He cannot be a true, large, leal-hearted man, who looking through the vista of coming years, does not hope to see his own country grow greater and more glorious; and he is no true Canadian who does not cry, in the words emblazoned on my left, "Peace and Prosperity to Canada." There are those around me, doubtless, who sympathise with the poet who wrote these lines a few years ago:

"They say thy hills are bleak,
They say thy glens are bare—
But oh! they know not what fond hearts
Are nurtured there.

"Scotland! I love thee well,
Thy dust is dear to me—
This distant land is very fair,
But not like thee."

It matters not on what line of latitude or longitude it may be, one's native land should be the dearest, sweetest, and most hallowed spot on this side of heaven. Canada, our country! we love it; and because we love it, we wish you, young men, to be worthy of it. Our fathers have done much. They came from almost every country beneath the sun. They were a varied people; and we are, to some extent, varied still. Their national, educational, and ecclesiastical prejudices were varied. They had but one thing to bind them together;—the deep fertile soil beneath their feet, and the clear canopy of the bright blue sky above their heads. Pioneers in this goodly land, some have found a home—many only a grave, and on the resting-place of these we should tread lightly, doing reverence to their ashes, and living so as to honor them. With you, young men, I arm for the conflict, and gird myself for the coming struggle. We are the strength of the country. Upon us it depends whether, in twenty years, this country shall be progressive, and rise to assume its own just place in the heraldry of nations, and have the proud boast of possessing a God-fearing people; whether it shall become a dark spot in the geography of the world, and, by and by, vanish altogether; or whether intelligence and industry shall place Canada in the vanguard of nations.

XIV. HOME AND THE DOMESTIC AFFECTIONS.

(From an Address at Ottawa, July, 1856, by the Rev. Mr. Johnston, of that City.)

Home is the paradise of this terrestrial life. For there it is where all that is great and good, all that is noble and refined, all that permanently fits man for the fulfilment of the object of his creation ought first to be imparted to his thoughts, and interwoven with his affections and his desires. Other institutions of life may be good, but it is the well regulated institution of domestic life, and the proper government of home, that most deeply and permanently affects the well-being of mankind. Where the institutions of home government are defective, in vain will be the enactment of wholesome laws, or the efforts of an active police, or the establishment of public educational institutions, or the unsheathed sword of military power. On the other hand, where the fountains of moral life are purified by the principles inculcated at home, though other laws of society may be defective, and other institutions either faulty or inoperative—yet, like the waters of a stream issuing from a pure fountain, the manners of a people may now and again become partially polluted, but the stream which continues to flow from the fountain will wash the defilement away. Then may we not be permitted to assume that among the first and most imperative duties of man, after the worship he owes to his Maker, is the proper cultivation and government of the domestic affections and relations of life. Happy are the people whose religion inculcates, as a duty, the sacred obligations of social life. Happy are the people whose public laws give countenance and support to such teachings of religion. Happy are the people whose rulers set the example of reverence, for such teachings, and obedience to such laws. And truly blest is that nation, where, gathered around the domestic hearths of its palaces and its cottages, are a people who revere the pure, the hallowed, and the ennobling affections of parents and children, and all the domestic relations of home." It is true, the happiness, prosperity, and strength of a nation spring from those fountains which have their sources at the hearthstones of the people. If

these sources are not true to nature,—if the affections of domestic life are not cherished at these firesides, then must that nation take an inferior rank in comparison with others, whose soldiers fight for home, their altars, and their firesides.

And who can doubt that the happiness of mankind is not essentially interwoven with the domestic affections. In earliest childhood it is seen. That happy little group collected on their play-ground, or around their toys, whose joyous laugh, whose faces, radiant with delight, prove that they find exquisite pleasure in their sports—enjoy their pleasure only while affection or kindness regulates their play. And if some angry word, some passionate blow, indirect pain or grief upon the child, where does he go for comfort?—to his mother. In her arms, her loving voice, her fond caress, her consoling words quickly soothe him, and before the tear-drop has vanished from his eye, the last remnant of grief has flowed from his breast. Happy child to have a mother to fly to—happy mother, whose magic can charm her darling's grief away. And here, amidst this joy, let us drop one tear of sorrow over those little ones who have none on earth whom they can call father or mother,—whose orphan childhood must receive sympathy and sustenance from the hands and hearts of strangers. Yet they have a friend, who hath said, "leave thy fatherless children to me; I will take care of them." To such the eye of pity and the hand of affection should be extended.

And, in your hours of play, brothers, do not think that because you are stronger it is unmanly to be gentle to your little brothers and sisters. True nobleness of heart and true manliness of conduct are never coupled with pride and arrogance. When I see a young man kind and respectful to his mother, and gentle and forbearing to his sisters, I think he has a noble heart.

XV. LOYALTY TO THE QUEEN.

(Extract from a Speech at Toronto, in 1844, by the Hon. William Young of Nova Scotia.)

Our attachment to the Queen, our own Victoria, is mingled with a tenderness not inconsistent with the sterner sentiment, which it softens and embellishes without enervating. Let her legitimate authority as a constitutional Monarch; let her reputation as a Woman be assailed, and notwithstanding the lamentation of Burke that the age of chivalry was past, thousands of swords would leap from their scabbards to avenge her. Ay, and they would be drawn as freely, and wielded as vigorously and bravely in Canada or in Nova Scotia, as in England. Loyalty, love of British Institutions! They are engrafted in our very nature; they are part and parcel of ourselves; and I can no more tear them from my heart (even if I would, and lacerate all its fibres,) than I would sever a limb from my body.

XVI. THE UNITED EMPIRE LOYALISTS.

(From the *Toronto Globe*, December, 1855.)

How little is known of the "pre-historic annals" of Canada! A belief that there settled on the shores of the great lakes, about the time of the Revolution, a number of men and women distinguished by the name of the American Loyalists, is the sum of the knowledge on the subject possessed by many in Canada. What brought them here, whence they came, how they did, what they suffered, are questions seldom asked, and seldom answered. Nor shall we reply to them further than by saying, that these people were devoted subjects of the British Crown, who would not and did not join in the war of Independence, but took up arms for the United Empire, and who, when the victory went with the colonists, refused to abandon their allegiance, suffered the confiscation of all their earthly goods, and went forth, in 1783, to seek a home in the wilderness of

Canada. No bar sinister stains their escutcheon. They were men of whom we need not be ashamed. The United Empire Loyalists form an ancestry of which any people might be proud. They had every characteristic which can go to constitute an enduring substratum for a coming nation. They were men, of whom the descendants of contemporary foes now utter disinterested eulogies. Respecting them even prejudice is dead, and the grand-child of the Revolutionist can now speak generously of the political opponents of his ancestors in the land where their honor was tried as in a crucible. They are our Pilgrim Fathers. They are our heroes. They were martyrs to their principles. Believing that a monarchy was better than a republic, and shrinking with abhorrence from a dismemberment of the empire, they were willing, rather than lose the one and endure the other, to bear with a temporary injustice. And their sincerity was put to the test. They took up arms for the king; they passed through all the dangers and horrors of civil war; they bore what was worse than death itself—the hatred of their countrymen; and when the battle went against them, they sought no compromise, but forsaking their most splendid possessions, upreared the banner to which they had sworn fealty, and, following where it led, went forth to seek, on the then inhospitable shores of Ontario, a miserable shelter, in exchange for the home from which they were exiled. Nor did they ever draw back. The Indian, the wolf, the famine, could not alter their iron resolution; and for their allegiance, they endured a thousand deaths. They lost every treasure but their honor, and bore all sufferings but those which spring from self-reproach. It may be said by some, that all men now admit the revolt of the American Colonies to have been a just one. And such we believe it was. But if George the Third played the tyrant, that makes nothing against our loyalist fathers. They were not tyrants, but faithful subjects; and we are bound to believe that they acted conscientiously, for their lives and fortunes were staked on the issue of the contest. As provincials, they had the right to make what choice they pleased. The dispute affected themselves. They might be in error as to the use of the prerogative, but that creed cannot be a tyrannical one, by which we will to manage our own affairs. A man cannot be a tyrant to himself. George the Third acted despotically; but the Loyalist Fathers were of another mind; and in acting upon their convictions in the very face of ruin, we know that they were sincere.

In reality these men need no defence. But as some view the history of that period in another light, and condemn all who, two generations back, did not think with themselves, we deem it not an idle thing to vindicate the Heroes of the Province from the unjust remarks which have often been made about them, and to urge their claims on our filial respect. It will be remembered, too, by all Canadians, that these men's deeds have been narrated by their enemies. But this will not do. The Loyalists are our own men—our forefathers. Their reputation is ours. We must put ourselves, therefore, in their circumstances, defend them where we can, and honor them always. Nor in doing so, is there any need for us to abandon any principle. We have nothing to do with the points in which we differ. It is our business to honor them for those in which we are agreed.

The Americans have set us an example in this direction. Their Puritan Fathers are held in perpetual remembrance. Men make pilgrimages to the place where they landed, and Plymouth Rock is now their monument. And yet the American people do not agree in every iota with these worthies. There are many who see in their principles room for difference, and in their conduct, some things to censure. Precisely similar should be our treatment of our loyalist fathers. There are points in which we differ from the opinions which they held seventy years ago, but we can all agree in admiring their attachment to the Mother Country, and the patient sincerity with which they suffered for their loyalty. Thus we should venerate them. Nor can we believe that the growing intelligence of the Province will fail to produce some one patriotic enough to

tell the world a tale of lofty principle and noble sacrifice, which when set forth as veritable history, will kindle a healthy glow in every bosom. No people has made a figure in the life of nations without heroes, and the loyalist fathers are the heroes of Upper Canada.

XVII. THE STABILITY OF OUR EDUCATIONAL SYSTEM.

(From an Address at New York, August, 1855, on *Popular Education in Upper Canada*; by Mr. Hodgins, Deputy Superintendent.)

The principles upon which our elementary school system are founded having been more than once affirmed by the electors of the Province; it has not been considered sound policy to subject so vital an interest and so sacred a cause to the caprice of the ever-varying current of political strife, unless its very existence were imperilled by rude and unpatriotic hands. Besides, the teachings of history have shown us that no great public concern, involving the highest destiny of a nation, and beset with difficulties requiring patient and delicate treatment, can ever be brought to a successful issue, where the master-mind directing it is liable to be changed at every adverse breath of public opinion. The renowned Michael Angelo alone perfected the colossal proportions of St. Peter's, and the genius of Sir Christopher Wren alone sketched the noble structure of St. Paul's. The fitful efforts of a succession of great men have never effected any noted or permanent good equal to that produced by the sagacity, prudence and foresight of a single will, unceasingly directed to its accomplishment. Wellington's renown is undivided. It is the unity of purpose conspicuous in the lives and deeds of all great men which makes their names stand out in bold relief through successive generations. Even in the political history of the United States, the great principle here stated receives a striking illustration. The founders of the federal constitution, knowing that the spirit of their own heroic times could not always remain to guard their national liberties, chose out their wisest master builders, and when the edifice was reared, they enacted that their own impress should remain upon it for ever, or be changed only by the two-thirds vote of a mighty nation. It is true that the permanent efficiency of our educational system is not held to be of so much importance, as is the preservation of our political liberties; yet how little is it practically considered, that to that efficiency alone, aided by the influence of the Gospel, are we indebted, under Providence, for the very existence of the civil and religious freedom which we enjoy!

XVIII. OUR EDUCATIONAL FUTURE AND RESPONSIBILITIES.

(From the conclusion of the foregoing Address.)

Having sketched our educational history, from its earliest dawn, in 1789, down to the present time, I can only, from the past, point to the future,—which, with all its solemn grandeur and mystery, lies before us. But no mortal hand can lift the veil that shrouds it; for to us that future has been irrevocably sealed. It has been beautifully said, that the veil which covers the face of futurity has been woven by the hands of mercy. Our conjectures of the future can only therefore be founded upon the past, and our hopes and anticipations of that future alone brighten when the halo of the past is reflected upon them.

We may glance along the history of nations, and survey with a thoughtful eye the mighty conflicts, the civil commotions, and the fearful up-heavings which have rent these nations asunder and have destroyed their power for ever. We can even contemplate their intellectual attainments and their unrivalled skill in the arts, but we look in vain for a parallel to our own times. Here "a new spirit stands before" us. As if tired of the spirit of war, the love of conquest, and the stately pomp of courts, we see each nation putting forth all its energy and strength to uplift the masses of the people to the dignity

of the Christian citizen. Schools are unimpeded; the abstruse sciences of the alchemists of the days of chivalry are unfolded even to the capacities of the child; the Bible is circulated in every land, and in every tongue; and the profoundest intellects of the day are engaged in rendering attractive the hitherto sealed book of popular instruction and enlightenment. But who, from such a standpoint, ever caught a glimpse of the distant goal before us? Or who, from so brilliant a past, has ever gazed upon its corresponding future? Not one! Down the vista of history we see the rise and fall of nations, the beginning and ending of wars, the failures and the perfections of art, but the end of that mighty contest between light and darkness, that great experiment of the age in which we live, we have never yet witnessed. Nor shall we ever see it. On us, as nations, and on us as individuals, devolves, however, the solemn responsibility of guiding, directing and counselling (each in the sphere in which Providence has placed him) in the great work in which we are all engaged, fervently imploring that "wisdom and counsel and might" be imparted to the nations promoting so momentous an interest, and that the blessing of Almighty God would abundantly rest upon the exertions of all Christian men engaged in that noble cause and labour of love—the free and universal Education of the people!

PART II.

ENGLISH AND MISCELLANEOUS ADDRESSES.

I. SCIENCE AND SOCIAL PROGRESS.

(From a Speech at Birmingham, in 1855, by His Royal Highness Prince Albert.)

No human pursuits make any material progress until science be brought to bear upon them. We have seen, accordingly, many of them slumber for centuries; but from the moment that science has touched them with her magic wand, they have sprung forward, and taken strides which amaze and almost awe the beholder. Look at the transformation which has gone on around us since the laws of gravitation, electricity, and the expansive power of heat have become known to us! It has altered our whole state of existence—one might say the whole face of the globe! We owe this to science, and science alone; and she has other treasures in store for us, if we will but call her to our assistance. It is sometimes objected by the ignorant, that science is uncertain and changeable; and they point to the many exploded theories which have been superseded by others, as a proof that the present knowledge may be also unsound, and, after all, not worth having. But they are not aware that while they think to cast blame upon science, they bestow, in fact, the highest praise upon her. For that is precisely the difference between science and prejudice: that the latter keeps stubbornly to its position, whether disproved or not; while the former is an unarrested movement toward the fountain of truth—caring little for cherished authorities or sentiments, but continually progressing—feeling no false shame at her shortcomings, but, on the contrary, the highest pleasure when freed from an error, at having advanced another step towards the attainment of Divine truth, a pleasure not even intelligible to the pride of ignorance. We also hear, not unfrequently, science and practice—scientific knowledge and common sense—contrasted as antagonistic. A strange error! For science is eminently practical, and must be so, as she sees and knows what she is doing; while mere common practice is condemned to work in the dark—applying natural ingenuity to unknown powers to obtain a known result. Far be it from me to undervalue the creative power of genius, or to teach shrewd common sense as worthless without knowledge. But nobody will tell me that the same genius would not take an incomparably higher flight, if supported with all the means which knowledge can impart—or that common sense does not become, in

fact, only truly powerful when in possession of the materials upon which judgment is to be exercised. The study of the laws by which the Almighty governs the universe is, therefore, our bounden duty. These laws are most important branches of knowledge—their study trains and elevates the mind. But they are not the only ones; there are others which we cannot disregard—which we cannot do without. There are, for instance, the laws governing the human mind and its relation to the Divine Spirit—the subject of logic and metaphysics. There are those which govern our bodily nature and its connection with the soul—the subject of physiology and psychology. More which govern human society and the relations between man and man—the subjects of politics, jurisprudence, political economy, and many others. While of the laws just mentioned, some have been recognised as essentials of education in different institutions; and some will, in the course of time, more fully assert their right to recognition. The laws regulating matter and form are those which will constitute the chief objects of your pursuits; and as the principle of sub-division of labor is the one most congenial to our age, I would advise you to keep to this specially, and to follow, with undivided attention, chiefly the sciences of mechanics, physics, and chemistry, and the fine arts in painting, sculpture, and architecture. But these Divine laws are capable of being discovered and understood, and of being taught and made our own. This is the task of science; and while science discovers and teaches these laws, art teaches their application. No pursuit is, therefore, too insignificant not to be capable of becoming the subject both of a science and an art. The fine arts—as far as they relate to painting and sculpture, which are sometimes confounded with art in general—rest on the application of the laws of form and labor, and what may be called the science of the beautiful. They do not rest on any arbitrary theory on the modes of producing pleasurable emotions, but follow fixed laws, more difficult, perhaps, to seize than those regulating the material world, because belonging partly to the sphere of the ideal and our spiritual essence, yet perfectly appreciable and teachable, both abstractedly and historically, from the works of different ages and nations.

II. THE RISE AND FALL OF NATIONS.

(From a Speech at Bedford by the Right Honorable Lord John Russell.)

There have been many causes assigned for this rise and fall. Many states have fallen because they were too small to contend against their more powerful neighbors; because it is obvious when surrounding states have 100,000 or 200,000 men under military discipline that the smaller ones with ten or twenty thousand will fall under the superior force of the other. We have the case of Athens and the case of Florence, then I might allude to the great state of Germany and the smaller one of Portugal. I need scarcely allude to England, because this country is large enough and strong enough to maintain itself for ages to come. But there is another source of decline, and which is celebrated in a line of the Roman Satirist, as the immediate cause of the fall of the Roman Empire, which, after stretching its armies into almost every part of the world, fell from the effects of luxury. But there are other causes which it behoves us to consider, which have occasioned the decline of nations. There have been despotic institutions, where men have been forbidden to investigate subjects of science, or discuss any improvement in art—where they have been forbidden, under penalty of fire, from holding any religious opinion different from that of the State. Where that despotism has existed—where that persecution has prevailed, the nation has withered under the influence. Where such principles prevail, the state will always be unstable; but I say there can be no danger to the people of this country on that account, appreciating as they do the liberty of thought and of expression which they enjoy, and who would not under any consider-

ation surrender that liberty to any power whatever. There is another cause which greatly tended to the decay of ancient nations, which introduced many crimes, caused a weakening of the manly character, and a falling off of the fortitude and industry which distinguished the early period of history. There was the institution of slavery—that institution which led the Romans to neglect the true interests of the empire, resulting in crime, which led them to leave the cultivation of the land to slaves—those lands which at an earlier period received cultivation from the hands of freemen. But happily those changes are not felt by this country; so far as our dominions are concerned, we have got rid of that curse. In an early period we find that the church spoke out strongly against the maintenance of slavery; and at a later period we have practically improved upon it, and those who carry on occupations of various kinds, whether agricultural, commercial or manufacturing in our dominions, are free from the curse of personal slavery. We have, therefore, a recognition of those mutual obligations upon which the ancient nations divided themselves, and which, as may be pointed out in the history of nations, cannot affect our personal safety. There are also other sources of decline—from the consequences of political events, from the calamities of war, from struggles long continued, from other objects of national interest, and other motives, the effect of which no person can perceive, and upon which no man would ever be entitled to your confidence, or the confidence of a nation, if he pretended to prophesy. These are subjects connected with the future, the knowledge of which is not given to man. Events may come to pass and contradict and overrule all his anticipations; but upon that subject you and your successors have a duty to perform as well as hopes to realise. It behoves you to maintain the liberty of this country, to maintain the Christianity of this country, and my belief is, that by cultivating your minds, by extending as much as possible your researches, whether in science, whether in literature, you will contribute to that end, you will strengthen the religious and political institutions of the country.

III. DEVELOPMENT OF THE INTELLECTUAL QUALITIES AND MORAL FEELINGS.

(From a Speech at Manchester, in 1856, by the Right Honorable Viscount Palmerston.)

The intellectual qualities as well as the moral feelings of our nature are scattered broadcast over the face of the earth. We find them everywhere, in the lowest classes as in the highest. Their development depends on the opportunities which are offered for their culture, and it is to the literary and scientific institutions that we are indebted for the facilities which are so advantageously presented. In this country, fortunately, the road to wealth and to honors is open to all. Some of those among us who have filled the most distinguished situations have sprung from the humblest position, and have raised themselves by their talent and good conduct. Man is endowed with a double nature—the moral and the intellectual. Both contribute to his pleasure and happiness; his moral enjoyments are independent of external support. They begin with his home, and constitute his domestic attachments; extending a little further, they assume the character of friendship; in a wider range they become love of country and of patriotism, and with a still further development they take the shape of benevolence and philanthropy. Those pleasures are within the reach of every man; but while no man needs assistance to enable him to enjoy that happiness which consists in the exercise of his affections, his intellectual qualities do require assistance for their development. It is true that knowledge is power, and assuredly those who afford to all classes the means of acquiring that knowledge, even to a limited amount, contribute not merely to their advancement in life

but also to their innocent and laudable enjoyments. We have often heard quoted the words of one of our great poets, that

"A little learning is a dangerous thing,
Drink deep or taste not the Pierian Spring."

I hold that this is a mistake. The more knowledge a man has the better, but if his time and the means at his disposal do not permit of his acquiring deep and accurate knowledge, let him have as much as he can, and, depend upon it, he will be all the better for it; for, although he may not be able to drink deeply of that spring, if his lips have once tasted of it he will go back to the same delicious waters whenever he has an opportunity, and his draughts, be they great or small, will refresh his fancy, invigorate his intellect, raise him in the scale of civilization, contribute to his individual happiness, and make him a more useful and honorable member of society. Of all sciences the mechanism of the universe is that of which a man who has a little leisure at his disposal may most easily obtain an insight by the knowledge of those facts which are the result of deep study and careful calculation. An ignorant man believes that his country is the only one in the world, that this planet is the only great portion of creation, that the sun is placed in the firmament merely to warm him, the moon to light him home, and the stars to amuse him on the journey, but when he is led into the secrets of that vast universe, the contemplation of which fills the mind with awe, his views become liberal and enlightened, his mind is raised above the ordinary grovelling ideas of life, and he finds himself a superior being to what he had been before. It is clear, therefore, that institutions which promote such desirable objects are eminently deserving of the support of the people. They tend to bring together the different classes of society, combining them in the bonds of good fellowship, allaying their jealousies, mitigating their asperities, and causing them to work together in harmonious action for the general benefit of the commonwealth.

IV. PRACTICAL VALUE OF A COMPLETE AND RATIONAL EDUCATION.

(From a Speech at Oldham, in 1856, by the Right Honorable Lord Stanley.)

It seems to me—that the foundation of a complete and rational education lies in the knowledge of natural laws, as deduced from recorded facts; a knowledge, first of those laws by which the inorganic world is governed—as those which regulate astronomical, geological, and chemical existences—a branch which includes physiology in all its departments; lastly, a knowledge of that which, for want of a more recognised term, I must call sociology, embracing the investigation of social problems, and enabling us to trace the paths along which human action has moved in all countries and ages. I may be asked what man, unless solely and professedly a philosopher, can find leisure for such inquiries? I reply, it is not necessary to be an astronomer, a geologist, a chemist, a physiologist, in order to learn what have been the principal results of human thought in those departments, or what is their inter-connexion one with another. The slow progress of discovery affords no measure of the time required to appreciate the results of discovery. It takes ages to make the road which when made, may be travelled over in a few years. If interrogated as to the use of such investigations, I would point out that the two great questions which an intelligent mind, on beginning to reflect, naturally puts are these, "What am I?" and "What is this universe around me?" To give an answer, however partial and incomplete to these queries, has been the effort of the human intellect during more than 3,000 years, and may be for 3,000 more. No man is so dull that they do not interest him; none ever has been, or ever can be so acute that they do not perplex and baffle him. In addition to such reflections, we should not forget the practical applications of science, for in these

applications we have doubled the wealth and power of England, and incalculably lessened the pressure of human suffering from material causes. In education I look to the practical effect which it is likely to produce on life; and, although I know well that theory is one thing, practice another, yet I do believe (to take one instance of many) that if men knew a little more about the air they breathe, and the water they drink, there would be a saving of many lives now destroyed or shortened by deficient sanitary arrangements. So again, if men understood better the functions of the brain, there would be fewer deaths from overwork, from mental excitement, or even from intemperance. Generally speaking, I believe, that for one person who breaks a physical law with a full clear conscience that he is breaking it—knowing what he is doing and foreseeing the consequences—there are 100 who break these laws in sheer ignorance, and whom a little knowledge would render cautious. So again, when I said just now that it seemed to me unnatural that a man should be held to be fully educated, who knew not the first elements of legal science, I did not, and do not suppose, that law should be studied by a layman as it is by a lawyer. But every man, though it may never happen to him to have to set foot within a court of justice, has something to do with evidence: it is surely of use to every one to know when an improbable tale is told him in a matter which concerns his interests, what are the chances of that tale being true or false; and in works which treat of evidence, those chances are minutely analysed, and the collective results of many men's experience is brought to bear on the subject. Again, dealing with another branch of social science, I may venture to say even here, that if the first rules of political economy had been a little better understood, both by governments and communities, the worst sufferings which have prevailed in these manufacturing districts (some of them self-inflicted, some of them the faults of others) might have been avoided, or to a great extent diminished.

Human Action the End of All Teaching.

To sum up in a word, I mean this—that the end of all human teaching is human action; that that teaching is most valuable which tends to direct and economize action; that such teaching must concern itself mainly with two things—the laws which govern inanimate nature, and the laws which govern man; and that whatever does not add to our knowledge on one or other of these subjects is, comparatively speaking, of little value. And herein, as I think, one great merit of popular literary institutions consists, that, being tied down by no statutes, no founders' wills, no traditions of immemorial antiquity, they not only supply instruction to the people, but they supply that kind of instruction for which a popular demand exists. They follow the national taste; they do not, in attempting to direct that taste, pervert it. Long may this state of things endure; and in education, as in other matters, may the transition from past to present habits of thought take place, as in this country such transitions mostly do, by no demolition of that which exists, by no sudden disruption of ancient ties, but by the greatest and almost imperceptible accommodation of all intelligent minds to that, which all persons see to be inevitable in the course of events!

V. ST. PAUL AT THE ACROPOLIS OF ATHENS.

(From the *Earl of Carlisle's "Diary in Turkish and Greek Waters,"* 1854, pp. 151, 257.)

What is admirable and wonderful at Athens, is the harmonious blending of every detached feature with each other,—with the solemn mountains, the lucid atmosphere, the eternal sea,—all wearing the same unchanged aspect as when the ships of Xerxes were shivered on that Colian Cape beneath: as when the alope of the Acropolis was covered with its Athenian audience to listen under this open sky to *Æschylus* and *Sophocles*, to

the Agamemnon or the Oedipus; as when St. Paul stood on the topmost stone of yon hill of Mars, and while summit above and plain below bristled with idols, proclaimed, with the words of a power to which Pericles could never have attained, the counsel of the true God. Let me just remark, that even the impressive declaration of the Apostle, that "God dwelleth not in temples made with hands," may seem to grow in effect when we remember that the buildings to which he must have almost inevitably pointed at that very moment were the most perfect that the hands of man have ever reared, and must have comprised the Theseum below and the Parthenon above him. It seems to have been well that "art and man's device" should be reduced to their proper level, on the very spot of their highest development and glory. It is wholly fanciful to think, that, in presence of St. Paul, on this spot of the Arcopagus, something of allowance as well as of rebuke was conveyed to the surrounding associations of the scene? The direct and immediate object of his appearance and address here, was undoubtedly to annul the false sanctities of the place, to extinguish every altar, strip every shrine, and dethrone every idol. This object has been achieved with entire success. Whatever may have been substituted in the interval, we may feel a reasonable confidence that on the rock of the Acropolis paganism can never be re-seated. The words of the man "weak and contemptible in bodily presence," spoken on that rocky brow, amidst the mocking circle, still live and reign, while tongues, and races, and empires have been swept away. But the pre-eminence of the true faith being thus secured, it surely need not be with the abandoned shrines of Hellas, as with the uncouth orgies of barbarous tribes, or the bloody rites of human sacrifice. It could not have been without providential agency, that within the narrow and rugged circuit, hemmed in by the slopes of Parnes, Pentelics, and Hymettus, were concentrated the master efforts of human excellence, in arts and arms, in intellect and imagination, in eloquence and song. The lessons of the Apostle have taught mankind that all other beauties and glories fade into nothing by the side of the cross; but, while we look at the cross as the law of our life; while we look to that Apostle on the hill of Mars, at Athens, as the teacher whose words of truth and soberness have superseded the wisdom of all her sages, and the dreams of all her bards, then, if then only, it will be lawful for us to enjoy the whole range of subordinate attractions. It will be felt not to be without its import that St. Paul himself did not refuse to illustrate Gospel truth by reference to human literature; nor without its import, too, that those who did must to revive the express teaching, and exhibit the actual spirit of St. Paul, Luther, Melancthon, and their brother reformers, would have been conspicuous as the revivers of classical literature, even if they had not been the restorers of scriptural faith. And so for us, too, the long line of the Panathenaic procession may seem to wind through the portals of the Propylæa, and ascend the steps of the Parthenon; for us the delicate columns of the unwinged victory may recall the lineage of Miltiades and the shame of Persia. For us the melodious nightingale may still pour her plaint in the green coverts of the sparkling colonos; and hill, and plain, and grove, and temple, may feed us unrebuked with their thronging images of the past glory and the living beauty.

VI. THE GREEK AND LATIN AUTHORS COMPARED,

(From Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton's address before the Associated Societies of the Edinburgh University, 1854.)

Dignity and polish are the especial attributes of Latin literature in its happiest age; it betrays the habitual influence of an aristocracy, wealthy, magnificent, and learned. To borrow a phrase from Persius—its words sweep long as if clothed with the toga. Whether we take the sonorous lines of Virgil, or the swelling periods of Cicero, the

easier dignity of Sallust, or the patrician simplicity of Cæsar, we are sensible that we are with a race accustomed to a measured decorum, a majestic self-control, unfamiliar to the more lively impulse of small Greek communities. There is a greater demarcation between the intellect of the writer and the homely sense of the multitude. The Latin writers seek to link themselves to posterity rather through a succession of select and well-bred admirers than by cordial identification with the passions and interests of the profane vulgar. Even Horace himself, so brilliant and easy, and so conscious of this *monumentum ære perennius*, affects disdain of popular applause, and informs us with a kind of pride that his satires had no vogue in the haunts of the common people. Every bold school-boy takes at once to Homer, but it is only the experienced man of the world who discovers all the delicate wit, and the exquisite urbanity of sentiment, that win our affection to Horace in proportion as we advance in life. In short, the Greek writers warm and elevate our emotions as men—the Latin writers temper emotions to the stately reserve of high-born gentlemen. The Greeks fire us more to the inspirations of poetry, or (as in Plato and parts of Demosthenes) to that sublimer prose to which poetry is akin; but the Latin writers are perhaps on the whole, though I say it with hesitation, safer models for that accurate construction and decorous elegance by which classical prose divides itself from the forms of verse. Nor is elegance effeminate, but on the contrary nervous and robust, though, like the statue of Apollo, the strength of the muscle is concealed by the undulation of the curves. But there is this, as a general result from the study of ancient letters, whether Greek or Roman; both are the literature of grand races, of free men and brave hearts; both abound in generous thoughts and high examples; both, whatever their occasional license, inculcate upon the whole the habitual practice of many virtues; both glow with the love of country; both are animated by the desire of fame and honor. Therefore, whatever be our future profession and pursuit, however they may take us from the scholastic closet, and forbid any frequent return to the classic studies of our youth, still he, whose early steps have been led into that land of demi-gods and heroes, will find that its very air has enriched through life the blood of his thoughts, that he quits the soil with a front which the Greek has directed towards the stars and a step which Imperial Rome has disciplined to the march that carried her eagles round the world.

VII. THE TRIUMPHS OF KNOWLEDGE.

We are looking forward to the advent of better days; and I rejoice to know that the means of securing them are in operation. Every letter taught to lisping infancy, every newspaper furnished, every school, and every institution of learning in the land, brings "the good time" nearer, and encourages us to persevere in sowing that sure and golden seed, which, once rooted in the mind, brings forth beautiful and everlasting flowers. Knowledge opens to the mind a better and more cheering world. It introduces us to objects and glories which genius alone can portray. It lifts us above the earth; it takes us around and across it, pointing out and explaining matters miraculous and stupendous. It brings back the dead—those who went down to their graves thousands of years ago, but whose spirits still light the world. It recalls deeds and re-enacts events over and over again, as truthfully as though we had been eye-witnesses. It also stretches far into the future. From the past to the present it ascends the dark staircase of time. It comprehends the possible as well as the actual, and furnishes histories long before they have taken place. Knowledge enables us to live through all time. We can tread the earth from creation's dawn up to the existing moment, and become the spectators of every change it has undergone. The overthrow of dynasties, the revolutions of empires, the

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triumphs of art and literature, and the wars and conquests with which history groans, may all be crowded into our life's volume. The experience of a day becomes the experience of an age, and almost gives to man the attributes of omnipresence. From the wandering Homer, who sang as never man sang before, up to Shakspeare—the bard of all time—and down to Byron, Burns, and Moore, we can sit and hold communion with every brilliant spirit, whose corruseations dazzle the earth. Nor does the desirability of knowledge rest here. It awakens our sympathies, and by enlarging our desires, it multiplies them. It enables the possessor to command, within himself, all that is commendable and attractive to the eye of mankind. It brings him in contact with society, and adorns him in robes more costly than hand can weave, or skill invent. It is his passport, his companion, his counsellor; and, what is seldom met with in this world, it is his unfailing, unflinching, uncompromising friend. Knowledge! the ability to acquire it is the one great gift of God to man. It is the channel through which He makes himself known to us. The High and Mighty One is the source of all knowledge. Knowledge is the bulwark of our country. It is the basis of her government, the source of her glory, and the prop of her institutions. The most illustrious men of this and other ages sprung from the humbler classes of mankind, and genius does for them what wealth and station cannot do for others. Knowledge is essential to enable us to know ourselves, to understand the relative dependencies of men upon their fellow-men, to guard against cunning, intrigue and sophistry, and to teach us how to appreciate the government of that Divine Agent whose arm encircleth the Universe. It is, likewise, necessary in business; for unless the head go with the hand, wheels may move, hammers may fall, and spades wear bright in vain. Man was made for knowledge. His erect figure, his penetrating eye, and his organs of speech, all proclaim it. There are patriots who bear the brand and the sword, and patriots in name and speech; but the truest and best of patriotism is that which looks to the mental and moral, as well as the physical conditions of a country, and which desires, above all other things, the cultivation of that intellect with which God has endowed its people.—*Anonymous.*

VIII. SCIENCE AND ART.

Art is the application of science to useful purposes. Science is the head to conceive,—art the arm to execute. They are, together, in emblems, as sisters. Science is the elder, and it is her province to lead art, the younger. Science assumes that she is less liable to stumble, and claims that art should follow. Yet it must be confessed, that the great romp often gets ahead, and frequently finds shorter and more eligible routes in which her elder sister is glad to travel. Yet they love each other, and their path is the same, and their journey is ever onward. Around them the forest falls, and the rays of the sun come in upon the bosom of the earth. Cottages spring up, and flowers blossom. The neighboring woods echo to the ring of the anvil and the noise of the saw-mill, for the wild wood stream is dammed and throbs like a great artery with a flutter-wheel for a heart. Together, they have done wonders. They have timed the arrows of light, and have split the sun-beam into rainbows. They have marked out paths on the restless ocean, and measured its tides. They have stolen from the moon the secret of her motion, and betrayed the mystery of her eclipses. It is as though they had hung a pendulum to the clock-work of the universe, and registered its motions upon the dial.—*Dr. Waterbury.*

IX. LIBRARIES AND STUDY.

Beside a library, how poor are all the other greatest deeds of man—his constitution, brigade, factory, man-of-war, cathedral—how poor is everything in comparison! Look

at that wall of motley calf-skin, open those slips of inked rags—who would fancy them as valuable as the rows of stamped cloth in a warehouse? Yet Aladdin's lamp was a child's kaleidoscope in comparison. There the thoughts and deeds of the most efficient men during three thousand years are accumulated, and every one who will learn a few conventional signs—24 (magic) letters—can pass at pleasure from Plato to Napoleon, from the Argonauts to the Afghans, from the woven mathematics of La Place to the mythology of Egypt and the lyrics of Burns. Young readers! pause steadily, and look at this fact till it blaze before you; look till your imagination summon up even the few acts and thoughts named in the last sentence; and when these visions—from the Greek pirate to the shepherd Scotchman—have begun to dim, solemnly resolve to use these glorious opportunities, as one whose breast has been sobbing at the far sight of a mountain resolves to climb it, and already strains and exults in his proposed toil.—*Thomas Davis.*

X. THE POETRY OF THE STEAM ENGINE.

There is, to our own thinking, something awfully grand in the contemplation of a vast steam engine. Stand amidst its ponderous beams and bars, wheels and cylinders, and watch their unceasing play; how regular and how powerful! The machinery of a lady's Geneva watch is not more nicely adjusted—the rush of the avalanche is not more awful in its strength. Old gothic cathedrals are solemn places, presenting solemn lessons, lonely and solemn things; but to a trifler, an engine room may preach a more serious lesson still. It will tell him of mind—mind wielding matter at its will—mind triumphing over physical difficulties—man asserting his great supremacy—“intellect battling with the elements.” And how exquisitely complete is every detail!—how subordinate every part towards the one great end! how every little bar and screw fit and work together! Vast as is the machine, let a bolt be but the tenth part of an inch too long or too short and the whole fabric is disorganized. It is one complete piece of harmony—an iron essay upon unity of design and execution. There is deep poetry in the steam engine—more of poetry of motion than in the bound of the antelope—more of the poetry of power than in the dash of the cataract. And ought it not to be a lesson to those who laugh at novelties, and put no faith in curiosities, to consider that this complex fabric, this triumph of art and science, was once the laughing stock of jeering thousands, and once only the working phantasy of a boy's mind as he sat, and in seeming idleness watched a little column of vapour rise from the spout of a tea kettle.—*Illuminated Magazine.*

XI. THE BIBLE THE BEST OF BOOKS.

(From the *Boston Anglo-Saxon.*)

[No. 1.]

A nation would, indeed, be truly blessed, if it were governed by no other laws than those of this blessed book; it is so complete a system that nothing can be added to it, or taken from it; it contains everything needful to be known or done; it affords a copy for a king, and a rule for a subject; it gives instruction and counsel to the senate, authority and direction for a magistrate; it cautions a witness, requires an impartial verdict of a jury, and furnishes the judge with his sentence. It sets the husband as lord of the household, and the wife as mistress of the table—tells him how to rule, and her how to manage. It entails honor to parents, and enjoins obedience to children. It prescribes and limits the sway of the sovereign, the rule of the ruler, and the authority of the master; commands the subjects to honor, and the servants to obey; and promises the blessing and protection of the Almighty, to all that walk by its rules. It gives direc-

tions for weddings, and for burials. It promises food and raiment, and limits the use of both. It points out a faithful and eternal guardian to the departing husband and father,—tells him with whom to leave his fatherless children, and in whom his widow is to trust,—and promises a father to the former, and husband to the latter. It teaches a man how to set his house in order, and how to make his will; it appoints a dowry for his wife, and entails the right of the first-born, and shows how the younger branches shall be left. It defends the right of all—and reveals vengeance to every defaulter, over-reacher, and oppressor. It is the first book,—the best book,—and the oldest book in the world. It contains the choicest matter,—gives the best instruction; affords the greatest pleasure and satisfaction ever was enjoyed. It contains the best laws, and the most profound mysteries that ever were penned; it brings the best tidings, and affords the best of comfort, to the inquiring and disconsolate. It exhibits life and immortality from everlasting, and shows the way to glory. It is a brief recital of all that is past, and a certain prediction of all that is to come. It settles all matters in debate, resolves all doubts, and eases the mind and conscience of all their scruples. It reveals the only living and true God, and shows the way to him; and sets aside all other gods, and describes the vanity of them, and of all that trust in such: in short, it is a book of laws, to show right and wrong; a book of wisdom, that condemns all folly, and makes the foolish wise; a book of truth, that detects all lies and confutes all errors; and a book of life, that shows the way from everlasting death. It is the most compendious book in the world—the most authentic, and the most entertaining history that ever was published. It contains the most ancient antiquities, strange events, wonderful occurrences, heroic deeds, unparalleled wars; it describes the celestial, terrestrial, and internal worlds, and the origin of the angelic myriads, human tribes, and devilish legions. It will instruct the accomplished mechanic, and the most profound artist. It teaches the best rhetorician, and exercises every power of the most skillful arithmetician; puzzles the wisest anatomist, and exercises the nicest critic. It corrects the vain philosopher, and confutes the unwise astronomer. It exposes the subtle sophist, and makes diviners mad. It is a complete code of laws—a perfect body of divinity—an unequalled narrative—a book of lives—a book of travels, and a book of voyages. It is the best covenant that ever was agreed on—the best deed that ever was sealed—the best evidence that ever was produced—the best will that ever was made. To understand it, is to be wise indeed; to be ignorant of it, is to be destitute of wisdom. It is the king's best copy, the magistrate's best rule, the housewife's best guide, the servant's best directory, and the young man's best companion; it is the schoolboy's best book, and the learned man's master-piece. It contains a choice grammar for a novice, and a profound mystery for a sage. It is the ignorant man's dictionary, and the wise man's directory. It affords knowledge of witty inventions for the humorous, and dark sayings for the grave; and it is its own interpreter. It encourages the wise, the warrior, the swift, and the overcomer; and promises an eternal reward to the excellent, the conquerer, the winner, and the prevalent. And that which crowns all, is, that the Author is without partiality, and without hypocrisy. *"In whom is no variableness or shadow of turning."*

[No. 2.]

(From a Speech at London, 1848, by the Rev. George Gilfillan.)

The Bible is not a scientific work; it does not profess or display any scientific methods; but it could not be remarked with too much attention, that no passage contained therein, as properly interpreted, was found to contradict any principle of scientific truth. It had been subjected to the fire of the closest investigation, a fire which had contemp-

tuously burnt up the cosmography of the Shastre, the absurdities of the Koran, and other works of false philosophy, but yet this artless, loosely compiled little book was unhurt, untouched, not one of its pages singed, with not even the smell of fire upon it. That book was the mirror of Divinity; other books, like the planets, shone with reflected lustre,—that book, like the sun, shone with unborrowed rays; other books sprang from earth, that book of books came from heaven on high; other books appealed to the understanding or feelings, that book to conscience and faith: other books solicited their attention, that book demanded it, for it “spoke with authority and not as the scribes.” Other books would glide gracefully along the earth, or onwards to the mountain summit of imagination; that book, and that alone, conducted up the awful abyss which led to heaven: other books, after shining a little season, might perish in flames fiercer than those which consumed the Alexandrian library; that book should remain, pure as gold, yet unconsumable as asbestos, in the flames of a general conflagration. Other books might be forgotten in an universe where suns go down and disappear like bubbles in the stream; that book transferred to a higher place, shall shine as the brightness of the firmament and as the stars of heaven.

“Within that awful volume lies,
The mystery of mysteries,
Happy the man of human race,
To whom our God has granted grace,
To ask, to seek, to hope, to pray,
To lift the latch, and find the way.
But better had he not been born,
Who reads to doubt, or reads to scorn.”

[No. 3.]

(Extract from the *Obligations of the World to the Bible*, by the Rev. Dr. Spring, of New York.)

There is no book in any country, in any language, in any age, that can be compared with this. From one page of this wonderful volume, more may be acquired, than reason or philosophy could acquire by patience and the toil of centuries. The Bible expands the mind, exalts the faculties, develops the powers of the will and of feeling, furnishes a more just estimate of the true dignity of man, and opens more sources of intellectual and spiritual enjoyment, than any other book. Science and literature have taken deep root on this consecrated soil. No book furnishes so many important hints to the human mind; gives so many clues to intellectual discovery, and has so many charms in so many departments of human inquiry. In whatever paths of science, or walks of human knowledge we tread, there is scarcely a science or pursuit of paramount advantage to mankind, which may either trace its origin to the Bible, or to which the Bible will not be found to be a powerful auxiliary. Whether we consider its influence upon an oral and written language—upon history and literature—upon laws and government—upon civil and religious liberty—upon the social institutions—upon moral science and the moral virtues—upon the holiness which fits men for heaven, and the peculiar spirit and exalted character which prepares them to act well their part on earth—upon the happiness they enjoy in the present world—or upon the agency and power by which these desirable results are secured; we shall be at no loss to see that the world in which we live is under everlasting obligations to a supernatural revelation.

Wordsworth, in one of his beautiful sonnets on the translation of the Scripture, says:

“But, to outweigh all harm, the sacred Book,
In dusty sequestration wrapt too long,

Assumes the accents of our native tongue ;
 And he who guides the plough or wields the crook,
 With understanding spirit now may look
 Upon her records, listen to her song,
 And sift her laws—much wondering that the wrong
 Which faith has suffered, heaven could calmly brook.
 Transcendant boon !—noblest that earthly king
 Ever bestowed to equalize and bless,
 Under the weight of mortal wretchedness."

XII. MILTON AND HIS POETRY.

His principal characteristic is majesty. In Milton's character and work is consummated the union of human learning and divine love. Here, as in an old world cathedral, illumined by the setting sun, and resounding hallelujahs, blends the most perfect devotion with the most perfect art. All is grand, and beautiful, and holy. In the "Paradise Lost," you come into contact with thoughts which sweep the whole compass of letters, and the fresh fields of nature made lustrous by the fine frenzy of the poet ; here also, and more especially, you come into contact with "thoughts which wander through eternity." You trace his daring flight, not simply through the realms of primeval glory, but of chaos and elder night. You follow the track of his burning wing through the hollow abyss, "whose soil is fiery marl," whose roof is one vast floor of lurid light, and whose oceans are "floods of sweltering flame." You mingle, shuddering with infernal hosts, or listen with rapture to the far-off choiring of cherubim and seraphim, the glorious mingling of sweet sounds "from harp, lute, and dulcimer." You stand on the dismal verge of Pandemonium, with its dusky swarms of fallen spirits, glimmering through the shadows, "thick as the leaves in Vallambrosa," see borne upon its burning marl or sailing through the gloomy atmosphere, that form of angel ruined, vast, shadowy, and terrible, which, when it moves causes the abyss to shudder. You gaze with astonishment and awe upon the starry domes, which rise, "like an exhalation," from the fiery depths, and tremble at the shout of defiance from the multitudinous army, as it rings through those lurid halls. Or, rising oppressed with the splendour and woe of the infernal regions, you pass, with the gentle poet, into the fragrance of Paradise, bathe your eyes in celestial dews, wander with heavenly guests through the melodious groves and "amaranthine bowers" of Eden, quaffing immortal draughts from cool fountains, soothed by the song of early birds, and finding rest unutterable beneath the shadow of the tree of life ; or, it may be, holding converse high, on some "serener mount," with angelic forms, or with that noblest pair, whose innocence and beauty are fresh as the young dews which glisten upon the flowers of Eden. You catch the spirit of that high Christian seer, gaze through the long vista of time, behold the wonders of Calvary, man redeemed, and the gates of glory thronged with rejoicing myriads.—*Rev. R. Turnbull in Christian Review.*

XIII. THE UNION OF RELIGION, SCIENCE AND LITERATURE, IN THE CHARACTER OF EMINENT LAYMEN.

(From a Speech in London, in 1848, by the Rev. George Gilfillan.)

I need not now allude to the many eminent divines who have excelled in works of science and literature, though they have been numerous, because their testimony might be considered interested and worthless, however high their authority might otherwise be.

I do not say it ought to be considered in such a light, but it is far safer to adduce instances of another kind to which no such objection could be made. When illustrious laymen came forth from their laboratories, observatories, or painting rooms, or desks, and delivered distinct, deliberate, and eloquent witness in behalf of Christian truth, it was as if the prophet were again helping the woman. The thunder of a Bossuet, a Hall, or a Chalmers, coming from the pulpit, did not speak so loud in the cause of Christianity, as the still small voice which proceeded from the studies of such men as Boyle, Addison, Cowper, or Isaac Taylor. They could, indeed, speak of mighty names on their side, Galileo, the starry sage, who first unravelled the map of the sky, was a Christian. Michael Angelo, the best painter who ever stamped his strong soul on canvass—the greatest sculptor who ever wrought his terrible conceptions into marble,—the greatest architect who ever suspended the truth of genius between earth and heaven. Michael Angelo was a Christian, and some of his sonnets written in his old age breathed the purest spirit of Christian faith and Christian love. And need he speak of John Milton, who laid the brightest crown of genius at the foot of the cross, and sprinkled the waters of Castalia on the roses of the garden of God. It might be asked, why he brought forward those names? Was it that he held them to be the pillars of Christianity? No,—Christianity stood on her own foundations, on her own simplicity, beauty, purity, grandeur, originality, and adaptation to the wants and circumstances of men. Those men were not the pillars, they were merely the decorations of her temple.

XIV. THE MEMORIES OF GREAT MEN.

What a wonderful and beautiful thing is the gift of genius! How it enshrines its possessors in the minds and memories of men! How it creates a home for itself in hearts which have long felt, but could not express, its breathing thoughts and burning words! How its interests and sympathies go on circling and widening, like the ripples around the stone cast into the water, till they become as "household words" or "old familiar faces," in all tongues and all lands! How it grows—never older, but ever younger; the mighty men of yore speaking more powerfully to the generation of to-day, than to the past of yesterday! Beauty has power, and it, also, is a gift from Heaven; but it passeth away, and its place is known no more; for who treasures the defaced and vacant casket, or the flower of the morning, when it lies on the cold ground? The easel of the painter and the chisel of the sculptor, may preserve the lineaments of loveliness, but only as a sight to the eyes, no longer as a voice to the heart. Riches, too, have power, but they have also wings, and oftentimes they flee away. And even when they remain till the rich man is obliged to flee from them, they leave no memories, they create no sympathies. Rank is mighty over the minds of men, and proudly does it rear its ermined form and jewelled brow; but the time soon comes when no voice sounds. No power emanates from the crimson pall and escutcheoned tomb. How different is genius from all these! True, it has its waywardness, its follies, its eccentricities; but these are lost in, or perhaps only enhanced by, the charm of its truth, its earnestness, its humility. Yes, genius is true; it is a reality; it has truth to inculcate, and work to do, were it only to bring down a sense of beauty, or a power of vision to closed hearts and filmy eyes. Genius is earnest; it flutters not like the white-winged wanderers of the summer, idly and uselessly, from flower to flower; but, like the bee, it perceives, and earnestly extracts, use with the beauty, food with the perfume. Genius is humble: striving after something far higher than itself, which it never reaches, gazing into brightness and into beauty which it cannot emulate, it for ever sees its own littleness, its own darkness, its own deformity, and shrinks from occupying the pedestal assigned to it by its day and generation. Of course, these

qualities form the golden setting of the real gem, fresh from the depths of the ocean, or the recesses of the mine, for never do they surround the mock jewel, created out of the dust and tinsel of the world. It is not, however, to the fulfilled thoughts, and words, and works of great men—it is not to their name and their fame throughout the land—it is not to the incense showered upon them in the halls of the crowned, and the circles of the beautiful—that our hearts turn with the deepest understanding and sympathy. No, it is to their homes and their hearths, to their joys and their sorrows. Yonder are the walls which have looked down upon the midnight vigil and noontide languor. Yonder is the window whence the eye, gazing up to the heavens, has caught something of their inspiration. Lo, here the board which has echoed to the sweet sounds of household jest and homely tenderness. Lo, there the sleepless couch, where the sufferings of life, if not more bravely borne, have been more deeply felt, than by other men!—*Anonymous.*

XV. THE MEMORY OF THE DEAD.

(From *Salad for the Solitary.*)

How beautiful is the memory of the dead! What a holy thing it is in the human heart, and what a charming influence it sheds upon human life! How it subduces all the harshness that grows up within us in the daily intercourse with the world! How it melts our unkindness, softens our pride, kindles our deepest love, and tasks our highest aspirations! Is there one who has not some loved friend gone into the eternal world, and one whom he delights to live again in memory? Does he not love to sit down in the bushed and tranquil home of existence, and call around him the face, the form, so familiar, and cherished—to look into the eye that mirrored, not more clearly his own face, than the soul which he loves—to listen to the tones which he loved to listen to, the tones which were once melody in his ear, and have echoed softly in his ear since they were hushed to his senses? Is there a spirit to which heaven is not brought nearer, by holding some kindred souls? How friend follows friend into the happy dwelling place of the dead, till we find at length, that those who loved us on the heavenly shore are more than they who dwell among us! Every year witnesses the departure of some one whom we knew and loved; and when we recall the names of all who have been dear to us in life, how many of them we see passed into that city which is imperishable. The blessed dead! how free from sin is our love for them! The earthly taint of our affections is buried with that which was corruptible, and the divine in its purity illumines our breast. We have now no fear of losing them. They are fixed for us eternally in the mansions prepared for our re-union. We shall find them waiting for us, in their garments of beauty. The glorious dead! how reverentially we speak their names. Our hearts are sanctified by their words which we remember. How wise they have now grown in the limitless fields of truth! How joyous they have now become by the undying fountain of pleasure! The immortal dead! how unchanging is their love for us! How tenderly they look down on us, and how closely they surround our beings, how earnestly they rebuke the evils of our lives. Let me talk pleasantly of the dead, as those who no longer suffer and are tried, as those who pursue no longer the fleeting, but have grasped and secured the real. With them the fear and the longings, the hope and the terror, and the pain are past; the fruition of life has begun. How unkind, that when we put away their bodies, we should cease the utterance of their names. The tender-hearted dead, who struggle so in parting from us! why should we speak of them in awe, and remember them only with sighing? Very dear were they when hand clasped hand, and heart responded to heart. Why are they less dear when they have grown worthy of a higher love than ours, and their perfected souls might receive even our adoration! By their hearthside and graveside, in solitude and amid the multitude, think cheerfully and speak lovingly of the dead.

XVI. THE SAINTED DEAD.

They are our treasures—changeless and shining treasures. Let us look hopefully. Not lost, but gone before. Lost only like stars of the morning, that have faded into the light of a brighter heaven. Lost to earth, but not to us. When the earth is dark, then the heavens are bright; when objects around become indistinct and invisible in the shades of night, then objects above us are more clearly seen. So is the night of sorrow and mourning; it settles down upon us like a lonely twilight at the grave of our friends, but then already they shine on high. While we weep, they sing. While they are with us upon earth, they lie upon our hearts refreshingly, like the dew upon the flowers; when they disappear, it is by a power from above that has drawn them upward; and, though lost on earth, they still float in the skies. Like the dew that is absorbed from the flowers, they will not return to us; but, like the flowers themselves, we will die, yet only to bloom again in the Eden above. Then those whom the heavens have absorbed and removed from us, by the sweet attraction of their love, made holier and lovelier in light, will draw towards us again by holy affinity, and rest on our hearts as before. They are our treasure—loving ones—the sainted dead!—*Hurbaugh's Heavenly Recognition.*

XVII. THE SEA, THE LARGEST OF ALL CEMETERIES.

The Sea is the largest of all Cemeteries, and its slumberers sleep without a monument. All other graveyards, in all other lands, show some symbol of distinction between the great and the small, the rich and the poor; but in that ocean cemetery the king and the clown, the prince and the peasant, are alike undistinguished. The same wave rolls over all—the same requiem by the minstrelsy of the ocean is sung to their honour. Over their remains the same storm beats, and the same sun shines; and there, unmarked, the weak and the powerful, the plumed and the unhonoured, will sleep on until awakened by the same trump when the sea will give up its dead.—*Anonymous.*

XVIII. THE FALL OF THE LEAF.

Autumn tinges the forest, and the deepening green fades into brown. The slanting sun sinks sooner to its bed; the rains are steadier and less hopeful of a break; and the day, like that of aging man is graver. The wind is harsher—it beats and tears the trees in their waning life, and already begins to strip them of their summer glories, strewing the ground with the cast-off rags of verdure. The dahlia holds out the parting splendours of the summer, with an intense fire of its own, as though sunlight had been sown and blossomed in colour. The corn has been robbed of its golden crown. The gay season has passed, and autumn is leading us to winter, as life wanes and the sombred countenance of man foreshadows death.

Death the handmaid of life. The leaf falls to compose the life-giving earth for future forests—the tree perishes to heap nurture round the root of the sapling; the glowing petal rots and is food for the seed of the bud; the corn is gathered to feed the race that survives many generations of corn and seeds beyond its own mortality. Man witnesses these transitions with addended senses by an informed faith, spans the dark chasm between summer and summer, and borrows for the drear season the light of future years. Other creatures die; he is gifted with the sad knowledge that he dies, but he is able to recognize death as the frontier between life and life. Where the lichen crept over the barren rock, the shrub has grown to forests, the corn waves, and the voice of man breaks the silence of the desert to sing the story of the world; that long story which began before mankind awoke in its cradle, the tale in which ages are as seasons, and change is ever-increasing glory.

To the informed soul of man the fall of the leaf speaks not only of a resurrection, but teaches him how decay is but a process of regeneration; destruction is the first half of improvement. When living nature has attained perfection in one type, it will not tolerate less, but each stage is made complete, and then the creature perfected after its kind, gives place to new perfection. As forests fall that more stately forests may rise, so human states fall that greater states may rise. Persia and Egypt sank into the tomb on which Greece built her temple; Rome propagated the civilization planted by Greece, and modern Europe rises on the ruins of Rome. Revolutions are but the fall of the leaf. Poland has rotted in the soil of Europe; but the Emperor sitting at Warsaw can no more forbid the unborn nation, than the vulture perched upon the fallen oak trunk can forbid the oak which is growing beneath his feet.

XIX. BEAUTIFUL AUTUMN.

The sere and yellow leaf reminds us that another autumn is at hand. There is no subject in nature more beautiful to the contemplative mind than Autumn. When we go back in memory to the gay flowers of the vernal fields, the green foliage of the mountains, hills and valleys, and contemplate their beauty, their glory, their freshness, their grandeur and sublimity, we think of but youth and happiness. But when we see the ruddy hue of declining Summer deepening into the rich robe of Autumn—gathering like the pall of death upon all nature—we are reminded in her own emphatic language, that we, like the “leaves that fall in wintry weather,” must ere long, as they are nipped by the autumnal frost, be cut down by the strong arm of death, and gathered to the tomb of silence. It is the time for the mother to visit the lonely grave of her departed love, and weep over it the bright tear of sorrow—for the friend, the acquaintance, and the relative—to think of those who have closed their eyes forever upon the vanities of earth, and lie sleeping among the silent dead. At such a period the mind enters into untold enjoyment. There is a sweetness even in the deepest melancholy, which flows to the heart, touching every tendril with emotions of affection, sympathy and love. It is the time to abstract our thoughts from things perishable—to turn from the ephemeral charms of earth, the more sublime beauties which lie beyond the grave—to learn from the sober realities around us, that our days will have an autumn, that we cannot expect while here “our bright summer always,” though we may look forward to a time when the bloom of an eternal Spring will be known forever; where streams of happiness flow in tranquil beauty from a fountain which time cannot affect.—*Washington Irving.*

PART III.

POETRY.

I. THE ALMA RIVER.

(By the Very Rev. Richard Chenevix Trench, D.D.)

Though till now ungraced in story, scant although thy waters be,
Alma, roll those waters proudly, roll them proudly to the sea!
Yesterday unnamed, unhonoured, but to wandering Tartar known,
Now thou art a voice forever, to the world's four corners blown.
In two nations' annals written, thou art now a deathless name,
And a star forever shining in their firmament of fame.

Many a great and ancient river, crowned with city, tower, and shrine,
 Little streamlet, knows no magic, has no potency like thine;
 Cannot shed the light thou sheddest around many a living head,
 Cannot lend the light thou lendest to the memories of the dead;
 Yea, nor, all unsoothed their sorrow, who can, proudly mourning, say,—
 When the first strong burst of anguish shall have wept itself away,—
 "He hath pass'd from us, the loved one; but he sleeps with them that died
 "By the Alma, at the winning of that terrible hill-side."

Yes, and in the days far onward, when we all are cold as those
 Who beneath thy vines and willows on their hero-beds repose,
 Thou, on England's banners blazoned with the famous fields of old,
 Shalt, where other fields are winning, wave above the brave and bold;
 And our sons unborn shall nerve them for some great deed to be done
 By that twentieth of September, when Alma's heights were won.
 Oh! thou river, dear forever to the gallant, to the free,
 Alma, roll thy waters proudly, roll them proudly to the sea!

IN ALMA FLUVIUM

VICTORIA CRUENTIA A. D. XII. CAL. OCTOB. A. S. MDCCCLIV. NOBILITATEM.

Mater es, Alma, necis; parte sed sanguine nostro,
 Pacis tu nutrix, Almaque Mater eris.

II. THE EAST INDIAN MASSACRES.

The fearful scenes now being enacted in the East Indies by the cowardly and mutinous Sepoys forcibly recal the tragic events connected with the conquest of the Punjab. The following touching and beautiful poem by the Very Rev. Richard Chenevix Trench, D.D., on the murder at Mooltan of two British officers, Anderson and Agnew, is singularly and painfully appropriate at the present time.

The gallant Major Edwardes' narrative of the tragedy states that, "having been reduced to extremity, Sirdar Khan Sing begged Mr. Agnew to be allowed to wave a sheet and sue for mercy. Though weak from loss of blood, Agnew's heart failed him not. He replied: 'The time for mercy is gone; let none be asked for; we are not the last of the English—thousands of them will yet come down here when we are gone, and annihilate Moolraj, his soldiers, and his fort!' The crowd rushed in, seized Khan Sing and surrounded the two officers who were talking together in English, doubtless bidding each other farewell for all time. They were soon despatched, and their dead bodies thrown out and insulted by the crowd. . . . The English indeed soon came and reduced the fortress; but they did not depart without performing the last sad rites over the gallant slain. The bodies of the two officers were carefully, even affectionately, removed and wrapped in cashmere shawls, to obliterate all traces of neglect. They were borne by the soldiers in triumph through the breach in the walls, and placed in an honoured resting place on the summit of Moolraj's citadel!"—Ed.

Bear them gently, bear them duly, up the broad and sloping breach
 Of this torn and shattered city, till their resting-place they reach.
 In the costly cashmeres folded, on the stronghold's topmost crown,
 In the place of foremost honor, lay these noble relics down.
 Here repose, for this is meetest, ye who here breathed out your life,
 Ah! in no triumphant battle, but beneath the assassin's knife.

Hither, bearing England's message, bringing England's just demand.
Under England's ægis, came ye to the chieftain of the land:
To these streets beset and wounded, hardly borne with life away,
Faint, and bleeding, and forsaken, in your helplessness ye lay.

But the wolves that once have tasted blood, will raven still for more:
From the infuriate city rises high the wild and savage roar.
Near and nearer grows the tumult of the gathering murderous crew,
Tremble round those helpless couches, an unarmed but faithful few:
"Profitless is all resistance, let us then this white flag wave,
Ere it be too late, disdain not mercy at their hands to crave."

But to no unworthy pleading, would descend that noble twain:
"Nay, for mercy sue not; ask not what to ask from these were vain.
We are two, betrayed and lonely; human help or hope is none;
Yet, O friends, be sure that England owns beside us many a son.
"They may slay us; in our places multitudes will here be found,
Strong to hurl this guilty city, with its murderers to the ground.
Yea, who stone by stone would tear it from its deep foundations strong,
Rather than to leave unpunished, them that wrought this treacherous wrong.

Other words they changed between them, which none else could understand,
Accents of our native English, brothers grasping hand in hand.
So they died, the gallant hearted! so from earth their spirits past,
Uttering words of lofty comfort, each to each, unto the last;
And we heard, but little heeded their true spirits far away,
All of wrong and coward outrage, heaped on the unfeeling clay.

Lo! a few short moons have vanished, and the promised ones appear,
England's pledged and promised thousands, England's multitudes are here.
Flame around the blood-stained ramparts swiftest messengers of death,
Girdling with a fiery girdle, blasting with a fiery breath;
Ceasing not, till choked with corpses low is laid the murderers' hold,
And in his last lair the tiger toils of righteous wrath enfold.
Well, oh well—ye have not fail'd them who on England's truth relied,
Who on England's name and honor did in that dread hour confide:

Now one last dear duty render to the faithful and the brave,
What they left of earth behind them rescuing for a worthier grave.
Oh then, bear them, hosts of England, up the broad and sloping breach
Of this torn and shattered city till their resting place they reach.
In the costly cashmeres folded, on the ramparts' topmost crown,
In the place of foremost honor, lay these noble relics down!

III. THE ISLESMEN OF THE WEST.

[From the Dublin University Magazine.]

There is mustering on the Danube's banks such as Earth ne'er saw before,
Though she may rifle where she may her glory-page of yore:
The bravest of her children, proud Europe stands to-day,
All battle-harnessed for the strife, and panting for the fray.
No jewelled robe is round her flung, no glove is on her hand,
But visor down and clasped in steel, her gauntlet grasps the brand;
Oh! lordly is the greeting as she rises from her rest,
And summons to the front of fight the Islesmen of the West.

No braver on this earth of ours, no matter where you go,
 Then they whose boast was aye to bear the battle's sternest blow;
 No braver than that gallant host, who wait with hearts of fire
 To bridle with an iron bit the Muscovite's desire.
 Ho! gallant hearts, remember well the glories of the past,
 And answer with your island shout the Russian's trumpet-blast;
 Ho! gallant hearts, together stand, and who shall dare molest,
 The bristling hem of battle's robe, the Islesmen of the West?

Brave are the chivalry of France as ever reined a steed,
 Or wrung from out the jaws of death some bold heroic deed;
 A hundred fields have proved it well from Neva to the Po.
 When kings have knelt to kiss the hand that smote their souls with wo.
 And worthy are the sons to-day of that old Titan breed,
 Who spoke in thunders to the Earth that glory was their creed;
 Ay, worthy are the sons of France, in valour's lap caress'd,
 To-night beside their foes of old, the Islesmen of the West.

Oh, England! in your proudest time you ne'er saw such a sight,
 As when you flung your gauntlet down to battle for the right;
 What are the Seindian plains to us, the wild Caffrarian kloof,
 That glory may be bought too dear that brings a world's reproof!
 The brightest deed of glory is to help the poor and weak,
 And shield from the oppressor's grasp the lowly and the meek;
 And that thou'lt do—for never yet you raised your lion crest,
 But victory has blest your sons, the Islesmen of the West.

Who are those haughty Islesmen now who hold the keys of earth,
 And plant beside the Crescent moon the banner of their birth?
 Who are those scarlet ranks that pass the Frenchman and the Turk,
 With lightsome step and gladsome hearts, like reapers to their work?
 The sons of Merry England they, reared in her fertile lands,
 From Michael's Mount to stout Carlisle, from Thames to Mersey's sands;
 From every corner of the isle where valour was the guest,
 That cradled in the freeman's shield the Islesmen of the West.

The stormers of the breach pass on, the daring sons of Eire,
 Light-hearted in the bayonet-strife as in the country fair;
 The mountaineer who woke the lark on Tipperary's hills,
 And he who kiss'd his sweetheart last by Shannon's silver rills.
 The "Rangers" of our western land who own that battle-shout,
 That brings the "Fag-an-bealag" blow, and seals the carnage rout;
 Those sept's of our old Celtic land, who stand with death abreast,
 And prove how glorious is the fame of Islesmen of the West.

The tartan plaid and waving plume, the bare and brawny knee,
 Whose proudest bend is when it kneels to front an enemy;
 The pulse of battle beating fast in every pibroch swell—
 Oh, God assolize them who hear their highland battle yell.
 Those Campbell and those Gordon men, who fight for "auld lang syne,"
 And bring old Scotland's broadsword through the proudest battle line;
 You have done it oft before, old hearts, when fronted by the best,
 And where's the serf to-day dare stand those Islesmen of the West?

Speak! from your bristling sides, ye ships, as Nelson spoke before—
 Speak! whilst the world is waiting for your thunder-burst of yore;
 Speak! whilst your Islesmen stand before each hot and smoking gun,
 That rends the granite from the front of forts that must be won.
 Unroll that grand old ocean flag above the smoke of fight,
 And let each broadside thunder well the Islesmen's battle might;
 Roll out, ye drums, one glory peal, 'tis Liberty's behest,
 That summons to the front of fight the Islesmen of the West!

IV. THE SPANISH ARMADA.

BY LORD MACAULAY.

Attend, all ye who list to hear our noble England's praise,
 I sing of the thrice famous deeds, she wrought in ancient days,
 When that great fleet invincible, against her bore, in vain,
 The richest spoils of Mexico, the stoutest hearts in Spain.
 It was about the lovely close of a warm summer's day,
 There came a gallant merchant ship, full sail to Plymouth bay;
 The crew had seen Castile's black fleet, beyond Aurigny's isle,
 At earliest twilight, on the waves, lie heaving many a mile.
 At sunrise she escaped their van, by God's especial grace;
 And the tall Pinta, till the noon, had held her close in chase.
 Forthwith a guard, at every gun, was placed along the wall;
 The beacou blazed upon the roof of Edgecombe's lofty hall;
 Many a light fishing bark put out, to pry along the coast;
 And with loose rein, and bloody spur, rode inland many a post.

With his white hair, unbonnetted, the stout old sheriff comes;
 Behind him march the halberdiers, before him sound the drums.
 The yeomen, round the market cross, make clear an ample space,
 For there behoves him to set up the standard of her grace:
 And haughtily the trumpets peal, and gaily dance the bells,
 As slow, upon the laboring wind, the royal blazon swells.
 Look how the lion of the sea lifts up his ancient crown,
 And underneath his deadly paw treads the gay lilies down!
 So stalked he when he turned to flight, on that famed Picard field,
 Bohemia's plume, and Genoa's bow, and Caesar's eagle shield:
 So glared he when, at Agincourt, in wrath he turned to bay,
 And crushed and torn, beneath his claws, the princely hunters lay,
 Ho! strike the flagstaff deep, sir knight! ho! scatter flowers, fair maids!
 Ho, gunners! fire a loud salute! ho, gallants! draw your blades!
 Thou sun, shine on her joyously! ye breezes, waft her wide!
 Our glorious *semper eadem*! the banner of our pride!

The fresh'ning breeze of eve unfurled that banner's massy fold—
 The parting gleam of sunshine kissed that haughty scroll of gold.
 Night sunk upon the dusky beach, and on the purple sea;
 Such night in England ne'er had been, nor e'er again shall be.
 From Eddystone to Berwick bounds, from Lynn to Milford bay,
 That time of slumber was as bright, as busy as the day;
 For swift to east, and swift to west, the warning radiance spread—
 High on St. Michael's Mount it shone—it shone on Beachy Head.

Far o'er the deep the Spaniard saw, along each southern shire,
 Cape beyond cape, in endless range, those twinkling points of fire,
 The fisher left his skiff to rock on Tamer's glittering waves,
 The rugged miners poured to war, from Mendip's sunless caves :
 O'er Longleat's towers, o'er Cranbourne's oaks, the fiery herald flew—
 He roused the shepherds of Stonehenge—the rangers of Beaulieu.
 Right sharp and quick the bells rang out, all night, from Bristol town
 And, ere the day, three hundred horse had met on Clifton Down.
 The sentinel on Whitehall gate looked forth into the night,
 And saw, o'erhanging Richmond Hill, that streak of blood-red light.
 The bugle's note, and cannon's roar, the deathlike silence broke,
 And with one start, and with one cry, the royal city woke ;
 At once, on all her stately gates, arose the answering fires ;
 At once the wild alarm clashed from all her reeling spires ;
 From all the batteries of the Tower pealed loud the voice of fear,
 And all the thousand masts of Thames sent back a louder cheer.
 And from the farthest wards was heard the rush of hurrying feet,
 And the broad streams of flags and pikes dashed down each rousing street :
 And broader still became the blaze, and louder still the din,
 As fast from every village round the horse came spurring in ;
 And eastward straight, for wild Blackheath, the warlike errand went ;
 And roused, in many an ancient hall, the gallant squires of Kent :
 Southward, for Surrey's pleasant hills, flew those bright coursers forth ;
 High on black Hampstead's swarthy moor, they started for the north ;
 And on, and on, without a pause, untired they bounded still ;
 All night from tower to tower they sprang, all night from hill to hill ;
 Till the proud peak unfurled the flag o'er Derwent's rocky dales ;
 Till, like volcanoes, flared to heaven the stormy hills of Wales ;
 Till twelve fair counties saw the blaze on Malvern's lonely height ;
 Till streamed in crimson, on the wind, the Wrekin's crest of light.
 Till broad and fierce the star came forth, on Ely's stately fane,
 And town and hamlet rose in arms, o'er all the boundless plain :
 Till Belvoir's lordly towers the sign to Lincoln sent,
 And Lincoln sped the message on, o'er the wide vale of Trent ;
 Till Skiddaw saw the fire that burnt on Gaunt's embattled pile,
 And the red glare on Skiddaw roused the burghers of Carlisle.

V. THE DESTRUCTION OF SENNACHERIE'S HOST AT JERUSALEM.

BY LORD BYRON.

"The Lord sent an angel, which cut off all the mighty men of valour, and the leaders and captains in the camp of the king of Assyria: so he returned with shame of face to his own land."—2 Chronicle xxxii. 21.

The Assyrian came down like a wolf on the fold,
 And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold ;
 And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea,
 When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.

Like the leaves of the forest, when summer is green,
 That host, with their banners, at sunset were seen :
 Like the leaves of the forest, when autumn hath blown,
 That host, on the morrow, lay withered and strewn.

SELECTIONS FOR

For, the angel of death spread his wings on the blast,
And breathed on the face of the foe as he passed:
And the eyes of the sleepers waxed deadly and chill,
And their hearts but once heaved, and for ever grew still !

And there lay the steed, with his nostril all wide,
But through it there rolled not the breath of his pride:
And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,
And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.

And there lay the rider distorted and pale,
With the dew on his brow, and the rust on his mail;
The tents were all silent, the banners alone,
The lances unlifted, the trumpet unblown.

And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail,
And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal;
And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword,
Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord !

VI. FALLEN IS THY THRONE, O ISRAEL !

BY THOMAS MOORE.

Fall'n is thy throne, O Israel !
Silence is o'er thy plains;
Thy dwellings all lie desolate,
Thy children weep in chains.
Where are the dews that fed thee
On Etham's barren shore ?
That fire from heaven which led thee
Now lights thy path no more.

Lord ! thou didst love Jerusalem—
Once she was all thine own :
Her love thy fairest heritage,
Her power thy glory's throne.
Till evil came, and blighted
Thy long-loved olive tree ;
And Salem's shrines were lighted
For other gods than thee.

Then sank the star of Solyma,
Then pass'd her glory's day,
Like heath that, in the wilderness,
The wild wind whirls away.

Silent and waste her bowers,
Where once the mighty trod,
And sunk those guilty towers,
Where Baal reign'd as God.

"Go," said the Lord, "Ye Conquerors !
Steep in her blood your swords,
And raze to earth her battlements,
For they are not the Lord's.
Till Zion's mournful daughter
O'er kindred bones shall tread,
And Hinnom's vale of slaughter
Shall hide but half her dead."

But soon shall other pictur'd scenes
In brighter vision rise,
When Zion's sun shall sevenfold shine
On all her mourners' eyes:
And on her mountains beauteous stand
The messengers of peace ;
"Salvation by the Lord's right hand,"
They shout and never cease.

VII. JACOB'S DREAM.

BY THE REV. GEORGE CROLY, LL.D.

The sun was sinking on the mountain zone
That guards thy vales of beauty, Palestine !
And lovely from the desert rose the moon,
Yet lingering on the horizon's purple line,

Like a pure spirit o'er its earthly shrine.
Up Padda-aram's height abrupt and bare
A pilgrim toil'd, and oft on day's decline
Look'd pale, then paused for eve's delicious sir,
The summit gain'd, he knelt, and breathed his evening prayer.

He spread his cloak and slumber'd—darkness fell
Upon the twilight hills; a sudden sound
Of silver trumpets o'er him seem'd to swell;
Clouds heavy with the tempest gather'd round;
Yet was the whirlwind in its cavernous bound;
Still deeper roll'd the darkness from on high,
Gigantic volume upon volume wound,
Above, a pillar shooting to the sky,
Below, a mighty sea, that spread incessantly.

Voices are heard—a choir of golden strings,
Low winds, whose breath is loaded with the rose;
Then chariot-wheels—the nearer rush of wings;
Pale lightning round the dark pavilion glows.
It thunders—the resplendent gates unclose;
Far as the eye can glance, on height o'er height,
Rise fiery waving wings, and star-crown'd brows,
Millions on millions, brighter and more bright,
Till all is lost in one Supreme, unmingled light.

But, two beside the sleeping pilgrim stand,
Like cherub-kings, with lifted, mighty plume,
Fix'd, sun-bright eyes, and looks of high command:
They tell the patriarch of his glorious doom;
Father of countless myriads that shall come,
Sweeping the land like billows of the sea,
Bright as the stars of heaven from twilight's gloom,
Till he is given whom angels long to see,
And Israel's splendid line is crown'd with Deity.

VIII. THE CHRISTIAN MARINER'S HYMN.

BY CAROLINE SOUTHEY.

Launch thy bark, mariner! Christian, God Speed thee!
Let loose the rudder-hands!—good angels lead thee!
Set thy sails warily; tempests will come;
Steer thy course steadily! Christian, steer home!

Look to the weather-bow, breakers are round thee!
Let fall the plummet now—shallows may ground thee.
Reef in the fore-sail there! hold the helm fast!
So—let the vessel ware! there swept the blast.

What of the night, watchman? What of the night?
"Cloudy—all quiet—no land yet—all's right."
Be wakeful, be vigilant!—danger may be
At an hour when all seemeth securest to thee.

How! gains the leak so fast! Clean out the hold—
 Hoist up thy merchandise—heave out thy gold
 There—let the ingots go!—now the ship rights;
 Hurrah! the harbour's near—lo, the red lights!
 Slacken not sail yet at inlet or island;
 Straight for the beacon steer—straight for the high land;
 Crowd all thy canvas on, cut through the foam—
 Christian! cast anchor now—HEAVEN IS THY HOME!

IX. WOLSEY'S FALLEN GREATNESS.

BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

<p>Cromwell*, I did not think to shed a tear In all my miseries; but thou hast fore'd me Out of thy honest truth to play the woman. Let's dry our eyes: and thus far hear me, Crom- well; And,—when I am forgotten, as I shall be; And sleep in dull cold marble, where no men- tion Of me more must be heard of,—say, I thought thee; Say, Wolsey,—that once trod the ways of glory. And sounded all the depths and shoals of honour,— Found thee a way out of his wreck, to rise in: A sure and safe one, though thy master miss'd it. Mark but my fall, and that that ruin'd me, Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition; By that sin fell the angels; how can man then, The Image of his Maker, hope to win by't?</p>	<p>Love thyself last: cherish those hearts that hate thee: Corruption wins not more than honesty. Still in thy right hand carry gentle pence, To silence envious tongues. Be just and fear not; Let all the ends, thou aim'st at, be thy country's, Thy God's, and truth's; then if thou fall'st, O, Cromwell, Thou fall'st a blessed martyr. Serve the king: And,—Pr'y thee, lend me in: There, take an inventory of all I have, To the last penny; 'tis the king's: my robe, And my integrity to heaven, is all I dare now call my own. O, Cromwell, Crom- well, Had I but serv'd my God with half the zeal I serv'd my king, he would not in mine age Have left me naked to mine enemies.</p>
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X. THE POWER OF MUSIC.

BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

<p>How sweet the moon-light sleeps upon this bank! Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music Creep in our ears; soft stillness, and the night, Become the touches of sweet harmony. Sit, Jessica: Look, how the floor of heaven Is thick inlaid with patterns of bright gold; There's not the smallest orb, which thou be- hold'st, But in his motion like an angel sings, Still choiring to the young-eyed cherubims: Such harmony is in immortal souls; But whilst this muddy vesture of decay Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.</p>	<p>Fetching mad bounds, bellowing, and neighing loud, Which is the hot condition of their blood; If they but hear perchance a trumpet sound, Or any air of music touch their ears, You shall perceive them make a mutual stand, Their savage eyes turn'd to a modest gaze, By the sweet power of music: Therefore, the poet Did feign that Orpheus drew trees, stones, and floods; Since nought so stockish, hard, and full of rage, But music for the time doth change his nature: The man that hath no music in himself, Nor is not mov'd with concord of sweet sounds, Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils; The motions of his spirit are dull as night, And his affections dark as Erebus: Let no such man be trusted.</p>
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* Sir Thomas Cromwell.

XI. THE HAPPY MAN.

BY WILLIAM CUTTER.

He is the happy man, whose life e'en now
Shows somewhat of that happier life to come;
Who, doomed to an obscure but tranquil state,
Is pleased with it, and, were he free to choose,
Would make his fate his choice; whom peace,

the fruit!
Of virtue, and whom virtue, fruit of faith,
Prepare for happiness; bespeak him one
Content indeed to sojourn while he must
Below the skies, but having there his home.
The world o'erlooks him in her busy search
Of objects, more illustrious in her view;
And, occupied as earnestly as she,

Though more sublimely, he o'erlooks the world.
She scorns his pleasures, for she knows them
not;

He seeks not hers, for he has proved them vain.
He cannot skim the ground like summer birds
Pursuing gilded flies, and such he deems
Her honours, her emoluments, her joys.

Therefore in contemplation is his bliss,
Whose power is such, that whom she lifts from
earth

She makes familiar with a world unseen,
And shows him glories yet to be revealed.

XII. THE MITHERLESS BAIRN.

BY WILLIAM THOM.

When a' it'er bairnies are hush'd to their hame,
By aunty, or cousin, or frecky grand-dame,
Wha stands last an' lanely, an' sairly forfuirn?
'Tis the pure dowie laddie—the mitherless bairn!

The mitherless bairnie creeps to his lara bed,
Nane covers his cauld back, or haps his bare
head;

His wee hackit heelies are hard as the airn,
An' lithless the lair o' the mitherless bairn.

Aneath his cauld brow, siecan dreams hover
there,

O' hands that wot kindly to kaim his dark hair!
But mornin' brings clutches, a' reckless an' stern,
That lo'e na the looks o' the mitherless bairn!

The sister wha sang o'er his softly rock'd bed,

Now rests in the mools where their marmie is
laid;

While the father toils sair his wee bannock to
earn.

An' kens na the wrangs o' his mitherless bairn.

Her spirit that pass'd in yon hour of his birth,
Still watches his lane lorn wand'rings on earth,
Recording in heaven the blessings they earn,
Wha couthis deal wi' the mitherless bairn!

Oh! speak him na harshly—he trembles the
while,

He bends to your bidding, he blesses your
smile:—

In their dark hour o' anguish, the heartless
shall learn,

That God deals the blow for the mitherless
bairn!

XIII. OLD LETTERS! OH THEN SPARE THEM!

(From the N. Y. Albion.)

Old letters! Oh then spare them—they are priceless for their age!

I love—Oh how I love to see each yellow time-stained page!

They tell of joys that are no more, of hopes that long have fled;

Old letters! Oh then spare them—they are sacred to the dead!

They tell of times—of happy times—in years long, long gone by,

Of dear ones who have ceased to live but in the memory;

They picture many a bright, bright scene, in sunny days of yore,

Old letters! Oh then spare them, for they are a priceless store.

Old am I too, and grey-hair'd now—deserted and alone,

And all of those I once could call my friends, alas! are gone;

Yet oft at midnight's stilly hour, in solitude's retreat,

With each one in his silent tomb, I hold communion sweet.

Old letters ! here is one—the hand of youth is on its face ;
 Ah ! that was from a brother young in some far foreign place ;
 A sailor boy, beloved by all, frank, open-hearted, brave—
 Cold, cold and lonesome is his rest beneath the Atlantic wave.

* * * * *

Oh ! ye are now the only links that bind us to the past ;
 Sweet, sweet memorials of the days too happy far to last ;
 The tear-drop fills again the eye whence tears had almost fled,
 Old letters ! ye are precious ! ye are sacred to the dead !

XIV. HOME.

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY.

There is a land, of every land the pride,
 Belov'd by heaven, o'er all the world beside ;
 Where brighter suns dispense serener light,
 And milder moons emparadise the night ;
 A land of beauty, virtue, valour, truth,
 Time-tutored age, and love exalted youth ;
 The wandering mariner, whose eye explores
 The wealthiest isles, the most enchanting shores,
 Views not a realm so bountiful and fair,
 Nor breathes the spirit of a purer air.
 In every clime the magnet of his soul,
 Touch'd by remembrance, trembles to that pole ;
 Nor in this land of heaven's peculiar grace,
 The heritage of nature's noblest race,
 There is a spot of earth, supremely blest,
 A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest,

Where man, creation's tyrant, casts aside
 His sword and sceptre, pageantry and pride,
 While in his soften'd looks benignly blend,
 The sire, the son, the husband, brother, friend ;
 Here woman reigns ; the mother, daughter, wife,
 Strews with fresh flowers the narrow path of
 life ;

In the clear heav'n of her delightful eye
 An angel-guard of loves and graces lie ;
 Around her knees domestic duties meet,
 And fire-side pleasures gambol at her feet.
 Where shall that land, that spot of earth, 'be
 found ?

Art thou a man ? a patriot ? look around ;
 Oh, thou shalt find, how'er thy footsteps roam,
 That land thy country, and that spot thy home.

XV. THE IRISH MAIDEN'S SONG.

BY BERNARD BARTON.

Though Scotia's lofty mountains,
 Where savage grandeur reigos ;
 Though bright be England's fountains,
 And fertile be her plains ;
 When 'mid their charms I wander,
 Of thee I think the while,
 And seem of thee the fonder,
 My own green isle !

While many who have left thee,
 Seem to forget thy name,
 Distance hath not bereft me
 Of its endearing claim :
 Afar from thee sojourning,
 Whether I sigh or smile,
 I call thee still "Mavourneen,"
 My own green isle !

Fair as the glittering waters
 Thy emerald banks that lave,
 To me thy graceful daughters,
 Thy generous sons as brave.
 Oh ! there are hearts within thee
 Which know not shame or guile,
 And such proud homage win thee,
 My own green isle !

For their dear sakes I love thee,
 Mavourneen, though unseen ;
 Bright be the sky above thee,
 Thy shamrock ever green ;
 May evil ne'er distress thee,
 Nor darken nor defile,
 But heaven for ever bless thee,
 My own green isle !

XVI. A PSALM OF LIFE.

What the Young Man said to the Psalmist.

BY H. W. LONOFELLOW.

Tell me not, in mournful numbers,
 "Life is but an empty dream!"
 For the soul is dead that slumbers,
 And things are not what they seem.
 Life is real! Life is earnest!
 And the grave is not its goal;
 "Dust thou art, to dust returnest,"
 Was not spoken of the soul.
 Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
 Is our destined end or way;
 But to act, that each to-morrow,
 Find us farther than to-day.
 Art is long and time is fleeting,
 And our hearts, though stout and brave,
 Still, like muffled drums, are beating
 Funeral marches to the grave.
 In the world's broad field of battle,
 In the bivouac of life,

Be not like dumb, driven cattle!
 Be a hero in the strife!
 Trust no future, how'er pleasant!
 Let the dead Past bury its dead!
 Act,—act in the living Present!
 Heart within and God o'erhead!
 Lives of great men all remind us
 We can make our lives sublime,
 And, departing, leave behind us
 Footprints on the sands of time:
 Footprints, that perhaps another,
 Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
 A forlorn and shipwreck'd brother,
 Seeing, shall take heart again.
 Let us, then, be up and doing,
 With a heart for any fate;
 Still achieving, still pursuing,
 Learn to labour and to wait.

XVII. BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

BY THE REV. CHARLES WOLFE, A.B.

Not a drum was heard, nor a funeral note,
 As his corse to the rampart we hurried;
 Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
 O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night,
 The sods with our bayonets turning,—
 By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,
 And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
 Nor in sheet, nor in shroud, we wound him;
 But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
 With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
 And we spoke not a word of sorrow;
 But steadfastly gazed on the face of the dead,
 And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought as we hollowed his narrow bed,
 And smoothed down his lonely pillow,
 That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er
 his head,

And we far away on the billow!

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
 And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him;
 But nothing he'll reck, if they'll let him sleep on
 In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done,
 When the clock told the hour for retiring;
 And we heard the distant and random gun
 That the foe was suddenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
 From the field of his fame fresh and gory;
 We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone,
 But we left him alone in his glory!

XVIII. TWENTY YEARS AGO—THE SCHOOL-BOY'S REMINISCENCE.

I've wandered in the village, Tom,—I've sat beneath the tree,—
 Upon the school-house playing-ground, which sheltered you and me,
 But none were there to greet me, Tom, and few were left to know,
 That played with us upon the green, some twenty years ago.

The grass is just as green, Tom,—barefooted boys at play
Were sporting just as we did then, with spirits just as gay;
But the master sleeps upon the hill, which, coated o'er with snow,
Afforded us a sliding place, just twenty years ago.

The old school-house is altered now, the benches are replaced
By new ones very like the same our penknives had defaced;
But the same old bricks are in the wall, the bell swings to and fro,
Its music just the same, dear Tom, as twenty years ago.

The spring that bubbled 'neath the hill, close by the spreading beech,
Is very low—'twas once so high that we could almost reach;
And kneeling down to get a drink, dear Tom, I started so,
To see how much that I had changed since twenty years ago.

Near by the spring, upon the elm, you know I cut your name,—
Your sweetheart's just beneath it, Tom—and you did mine the same,
Some heartless wretch hath peeled the bark—'twas dying sure, but slow,
Just as the one whose name we cut, died twenty years ago.

My eyelids had been dry, Tom, but tears come in my eyes,
I thought of her I loved so well—those early broken ties,—
I visited the old church-yard, and took some flowers to strew
Upon the graves of those we loved some twenty years ago.

And some are in the church-yard laid—some sleep beneath the sea,
But few are left of our old class, excepting you and me;
And when our time shall come, Tom, and we are called to go,
I hope they'll lay us where we played just twenty years ago.

—Anonymous.

XIX. THE BLIND BOY'S BEEN AT PLAY, MOTHER.*

(By Eliza Cook.)

The Blind Boy's been at play, Mother,
And merry games we had;
We led him on our way, mother,
And every step was glad.
But when we found a starry flower,
And praised its varied hue,
A tear came trembling down his cheek,
Just like a drop of dew.

We took him to the mill, mother,
Where falling waters made
A rainbow o'er the rill, mother,
As golden sun-rays played;
But when we shouted at the scene,
And hailed the clear blue sky,
He stood quite still upon the bank,
And breathed a long, long sigh.

We asked him why he wept, mother,
Whene'er we found the spots
Where the periwinkle crept, mother,
O'er wild Forget-me-not's;
"Ah me!" he said, while tears ran down
As fast as summer showers,
"It is because I cannot see,
The sunshine and the flowers."

Oh, that poor sightless boy, mother,
Has taught me I am blest,
For I can look with joy, mother,
On all I love the best;
And when I see the dancing stream,
And daisies red and white,
I kneel upon the meadowed sod,
And thank my God for sight.

* Many of the following pieces are inserted chiefly for recitation by girls.

XX. WHY DO THE FLOWERS BLOOM, MOTHER?

(By J. E. Carpenter.)

"Why do the flow'ers bloom, mother,
Why do the sweet flowers bloom;
And brightest those we rear'd, mother,
Around my brother's tomb!"
To fill the world with gladness,
My child, were flow'ers given,—
To crown the earth with beauty,
And show the road to Heaven!"

"Then why do the flow'ers fade, mother,
Why do the sweet flowers fade,
When winter's dreary cloud, mother,
Earth's brighter scenes pervade?"

My child, those flow'ers that wither,
Have seeds that still remain,
That the sunshine and the summer
Restore to life again!

"And shall not those that die, mother,
Come back to life once more,
E'en as the rain and sun, mother,
Those beauteous flow'ers restore!"
Yes,—yes, my child, such powers
To human flow'ers are given,
Here earth's frail flow'ers may blossom,
But we may rise—in Heaven!"

XXI. INFANTINE INQUIRIES.

(By William P. Brown.)

"Tell me, O mother! when I grow old,
Will my hair, which my sisters say is like
gold,
Grow grey as the old man's, weak and poor,
Who ask'd for alms at our pillar'd door?
As he, when he told us his tale of woe!
Will my hand then shake, and my eyes be
dim?
Tell me, O mother! will I grow like him?"

"He said—but I know not what he meant—
That his aged heart with sorrow was rent;
He spoke of the grave as a place of rest,
Where the weary sleep in peace and are
blest;
And he told how his kindred there were laid,
And the friends with whom in his youth he
play'd.
And tears from the eyes of the old man fell,
And my sisters wept as they heard his tale!"

"He spoke of a home, where in childhood's glee
He chased from the wild flowers the singing bee;
And follow'd afar, with a heart as light
As its sparkling wings, the butterfly's flight;
And pull'd young flowers, where they grew
'neath the beams
Of the sun's fair light, by his own blue streams:—
Yet he left all these, through the earth to roam!
Why, O mother! did he leave his home?"

"Calm thy young thoughts, my own fair child!
The fancies of youth and age are beguiled;
Though pale grow thy cheeks and thy hair turn
gray,
Time cannot steal the soul's youth away!
There is a land of which thou hast heard me
speak,
Where age never wrinkles the dweller's cheek!
But in joy they live, fair boy! like thee:
It is *there* the old man long'd to be!"

"For he knew that those with whom he had
play'd,
In his heart's young joy, 'neath their cottage
shade—
Whose love he shared, when their songs and
mirth
Brightened the gloom of this sinful earth—
Whose names from our world had passed away.
As flowers in the breath of an autumn day—
He knew that they, with all suffering done,
Encircled the throne of the Holy One!"

"Though ours be a pillar'd and lofty home,
Where want with his pale train never may come,
Oh! scorn not the poor with the scorner's jest,
Who seek in the shade of our hall to rest;
For He who hath made them poor may soon
Darken the sky of our glowing noon,
And leave us with woe in the world's bleak wild!
Oh! soften the griefs of the poor, my child!"

XXII. THE DYING BOY.

(Anonymous.)

It must be sweet in childhood, to give back
 The Spirit to its Maker ; ere the heart
 Has grown familiar with the paths of sin
 And sown—to garner up its bitter fruits.
 —I knew a boy whose infant feet had trod
 Upon the blossoms of some seven springs,
 And when the eighth came round and called him
 out
 To revel in its light, he turned away,
 And sought his chamber to lie down and die.
 'Twas night—he summoned his accustomed
 friends,
 And, in this wise, bestowed his last bequest :

“Mother, I’m dying now !
 There is deep suffocation in my breast,
 As if some heavy hand my bosom pressed ;
 And on my brow

I feel the cold sweat stand ;
 My lips grow dry and tremulous, and my breath
 Comes feebly up. O, tell me is this death ?
 Mother, your hand—

Here—lay it on my wrist
 And place the other thus beneath my head,
 And say, sweet mother, say, when I am dead,
 Shall I be missed ?

Never beside your knee
 Shall I kneel down again at night to pray,
 Nor with morning wake and sing the lay
 You taught to me.

Oh, at the time of prayer,
 When you look round and see a vacant seat ;
 You will not wait then for my coming feet :
 You’ll miss me there !”

“Father—I’m going home !
 To the good home you spoke of, that blest land

Where it is one bright summer always, and
 Storms do never come.

I must be happy then,
 From pain and death you say I shall be free ;
 That sickness never enters there, and we
 Shall meet again !”

“Brother—The little spot
 I used to call my garden, where long hours
 We’ve stayed to watch the budding things and
 flowers.

Forget it not.

Plant there some box or pine ;
 Something that grows in winter, and will be
 A verdant offering to my memory,
 And call it mine !”

“Sister—The young rose tree—
 That all the Spring has been my pleasant care,
 Just putting out its leaves so green and fair,
 I give to thee.

And when its roses bloom—
 I shall be gone away, my short life done ;
 But will you not bestow a single one
 Upon my tomb ?”

“Now, mother, sing the tune
 You sang last night ; I’m weary, and must sleep.”
 “Who was it called my name ? Nay, do not weep,
 You’ll all soon come !”

Morning spread over earth her rosy wings
 And that meek sufferer, cold and ivory pale,
 Lay on his couch asleep. The gentle air
 Came through the open window, freighted with
 The savoury labours of the early spring—
 He breathed it not. The laugh of passers by
 Jarr’d like a discord in some mournful tune,
 But marr’d not his slumbers. *He was dead.*

XXIII. A MOUND IS IN THE GRAVE YARD.

(By Mrs. Judson.)

1.
 A mound is in the grave yard,
 A short and narrow bed ;
 No grass is growing on it,
 And no marble at its head :
 Ye may go and weep beside it,
 Ye may kneel, and kiss the sod,
 But ye’ll find no balm for sorrow,
 In the cold and silent clod.

2.
 There is anguish in the household,
 It is desolate and lone,
 For a fondly cherished nursling,
 From the parent nest has flown :
 A little form is missing,
 A heart has ceased to beat ;
 And the chain of love lies shattered,
 At the desolator’s feet.

3.

Remove the empty cradle,
 His clothing put away;
 And all his little play-things,
 With your choicest treasures lay;
 Strive not to check the tear-drops,
 That fall like summer rain,
 For the sun of hope shines through them!—
 Ye shall see his face again.

4.

Oh! think where rests your darling!
 Not in his cradle bed;
 Not in the distant grave yard,
 With the still and mouldering dead;

But in a heavenly mansion,
 Upon a Saviour's breast,—
 With his "brother's" arms around him,
 He takes his sainted rest!

5.

He has put on his robes of glory,
 For the little robes ye wrought;
 And he fingers golden harp strings,
 For the toys his mother bought;
 Oh! weep! but with rejoicing;
 A heart-gem have ye given,
 And behold its glorious setting,—
 In the diadem of heaven.

XXIV. BIRDS OF PASSAGE.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

Birds, joyous birds of the wandering wing!
 Whence is it ye come with the flowers of spring?
 —"We come from the shores of the green old Nile,
 From the land where the roses of Sharon smile,
 From the palms that wave through the Indian sky,
 From the myrrh-trees of glowing Araby.

We have swept o'er the cities in song renown'd,
 Silent they lie with the deserts round!
 We have crossed proud rivers, whose tide hath roll'd
 All dark with the warrior blood of old;
 And each worn wing hath regain'd its home,
 Under peasant's roof-tree or monarch's dome."

And what have you found in the monarch's dome,
 Since last ye traversed the blue sea's foam?
 —"We have found a change, we have found a pall,
 And a gloom o'ershadowing the banquet's hall,
 And a mark on the floor as of life-drops spilt,
 Nought looks the same, save the nest we built!"

Oh! joyous birds, it hath still been so;
 Through the halls of kings doth the tempest go!
 But the huts of the hamlet lie still and deep,
 And the hills o'er their quiet a vigil keep,—
 Say what have you found in the peasant's cot,
 Since last ye parted from that sweet spot?

—"A change we have found there—and many a change!
 Faces, and footsteps, and all things strange!
 Gone are the beads of the silvery hair,
 And the young that were have a brow of care,
 And the place is hush'd where the children play'd,
 Nought looks the same, save the nest we made!"

Sad is your tale of the beautiful earth,
 Birds that o'ersweep it, in power and mirth!
 Yet through the wastes of the trackless air,
 Ye have a Guide, and shall we despair?
 Ye over desert and deep have pass'd,
 So may we reach our bright home at last.

XXV. THE BETTER LAND.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

"I hear thee speak of the better land;
 Thou call'st its children a happy band:
 Mother! oh, where is that radiant shore?
 Shall we not seek it, and weep no more?
 Is it where the flower of the orange blows,
 And the fire-flies glance through the myrtle boughs?"
 —"Not there, not there, my child!"

"Is it where the feathery palm trees rise,
 And the date grows ripe under sunny skies?
 Or midst the green islands of glittering seas,
 Where fragrant forests perfume the breeze,
 And strange bright birds on their starry wings
 Bear the rich hues of all glorious things?"
 —"Not there, not there, my child!"

"Is it far away in some region old
 Where the river wanders o'er sands of gold?
 Where the burning rays of the ruby shine,
 And the diamond lights up the secret mine,
 And the pearl gleams forth from the coral strand;—
 Is it there, sweet mother, that better land?"
 —"Not there, not there, my child!"

"Eye hath not seen it, my gentle boy!
 Ear hath not heard its deep tones of joy,
 Dreams cannot picture a world so fair—
 Sorrow and death may not enter there;
 Time doth not breathe on its fadeless bloom:
 Far beyond the clouds and beyond the tomb,
 —It is there, it is there, my child!"

XXVI. NEVER GIVE UP.

Never give up 'tis the secret of glory,
 Nothing so wise can philosophy teach,
 Think on the names that are famous in story;
 Never give up is the lesson they preach:
 How have men compassed immortal achievements;
 How have they moulded the world to their will?
 'Tis but midst dangers and sorest bereavements;
 Never give up was their principle still.

—Anonymous.

XXVII. THE TIMES OF PRAYER.

Go, when the morning shineth,
Go, when the noon is bright,
Go, when the eve declineth,
Go, in the hush of night.

Go, with pure mind and feeling,
Fling earthly thought away,
And in thy chamber kneeling,
Do thou in secret pray.

Remember all who love thee,
All who are loved by thee,
Pray too, for those who hate thee,
If any such there be;

Then for thyself in meekness,
A blessing humbly claim,
And link with each petition,
The great Redeemer's name.

Or, if 'tis e'er denied thee,
In solitude to pray,
Should holy thoughts come o'er thee,
When friends are round thy way.

E'en then the silent breathing
Of thy spirit rais'd above,
Will reach His throne of glory,
Who is Mercy, Truth, and Love! —*Ab.*

XXVIII. THE CRUCIFIXION.

Lo, at noon 'tis sudden night!
Darkness covers all the sky!
Rocks are rattling at the sight!
Children, can you tell me why?
What can all these wonders be?
Jesus dies on Calvary!

Nail'd upon the cross, behold
How his tender limbs are torn!
For a royal crown of gold
They have made him one of thorn;
Cruel hands, that dare to bind
Thorns upon a brow so kind.

See! the blood is falling fast
From his forehead and his side;
Hark! he now has breathed his last:

With a mighty groan he died.
Children shall I tell you why
Jesus condescends to die?

He who was a king above,
Left his kingdom for a grave,
Out of pity and of love,
That the guilty he might save;
Down to this sad world he flew,
For such little ones as you.

You were wretched, weak and vile,
You deserved his holy frown;
But he saw you with a smile,
And to save you hasten'd down.
Listen, children; this is why
Jesus condescends to die.

XXIX. SEA WEED.

Oh, call us not weeds, but flowers of the sea;
For lovely, and bright, and gay-tinted are we;
Our blush is as deep as the rose of thy bowers,
Then call us not weeds, we are ocean's gay flowers!

Not nursed like the plants of the summer parterre,
Whose gales are but sighs of an evening air;
Our exquisite, fragile, and delicate forms,
Are nursed by the ocean and rocked by its storms!

XXX. THE TWO HOMES.

"Where is thy home?" I asked a child,
 Who, in the morning air,
 Was twining flowers most sweet and wild,
 In garlands for her hair.
 "My Home," the happy heart replied,
 And smiled in childish glee,
 "Is on the sunny mountain's side,
 Where soft winds wander free."
 Oh, blessings fall on artless youth,
 And all its rosy hours,
 When every word is joy and truth,
 And treasures live in flowers.

"Where is thy home, thou lonely man?"
 I asked a pilgrim gray,
 Who came with furrowed brow and wan,
 Slow moving on his way.
 He paused, and with a solemn mien
 Upturned his holy eyes:
 "The land I seek thou ne'er hast seen—
 My house is in the skies!"
 Oh! blest—thrice blest—the heart must be,
 To whom such thoughts are given;
 That walks from worldly fetters free—
 His only home in heaven! —*Anonymous.*

XXXI. WHAT IS TIME?

I asked an aged man, a man of years,
 Wrinkled, and curved, and white with hoary
 hairs;

"Time is the warp of life," he said; "Oh tell
 The young, the fair, the gay, to weave it well!"

I asked the ancient, venerable dead,
 Sages who wrote, and warriors who bled:
 From the cold grave a hollow murmur flowed,
 "Time sowed the seed, we reap in this abode!"

I asked a dying sinner, ere the tide
 Of life had left his veins: "Time!" he replied,
 "I've lost it! Oh, the treasure!"—and he died.

I asked the golden sun and silver spheres,
 Those bright chronometers of days and years;
 They answered, "Time is but a meteor glare,"
 And bade me for Eternity prepare.

I asked the Seasons, in their annual round,
 Which beautify or desolate the ground;
 And they replied (no oracle more wise),
 "'Tis Folly's blank, or Wisdom's highest prize!"

I asked a spirit lost,—but oh, the shriek
 That pierced my soul! I shudder while I speak!
 It cried, "A particle! a speck! a mite
 Of endless years, duration infinite!"

Of things inanimate, my d'it I
 Consulted, and it made me this reply,—
 "Time is the season fair of living well,
 The path of glory, or the path of hell."

I asked my Bible, and methinks it said,
 "Time is the present hour, the past is fled,
 Live! live to-day! to-morrow never yet
 On any human being rose or set."

I asked old Father Time himself at last,
 But in a moment he flew swiftly past,—
 His chariot was a cloud, the viewless wind
 His noiseless steeds, which leave no trace behind.

I asked the mighty angel, who shall stand
 One foot on sea, and one on solid land,
 "Mortal," he cried, "the mystery now is o'er;
 Time was, Time is, but Time shall be no more!"
 —*Marsden.*

XXXII. GOD SAVE THE QUEEN!

God save our gracious Queen,
 Long live our noble Queen,
 God save the Queen!
 Send her victorious,
 Happy and glorious,
 Long to reign over us,
 God save the Queen!

O Lord, our God, arise;
 Scatter her enemies,
 And make them fall.

Confound their politics,
 Frustrate their knavish tricks;
 On her our hopes we fix,
 God save the Queen!
 Thy choicest gifts in store,
 On her be pleased to pour;
 Long may she reign:
 May she defend our laws,
 And ever give us cause
 To sing with heart and voice,
 God save the Queen!

